

# Space Travel

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Complete Interstellar  
Flight  
**THE GODMEN**

By Edmund Kempton



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**I**f you're hard to convince the necessity of more space, the fact itself that space is an absolute beyond Earth's atmosphere, belted, it's staggering to comprehend. Consider that if an object the speed of light—about 186,288 miles per second—were sent toward us several

hundred times away, it'd take a long time reaching the earth. There are stars visible only as tiny distant twinklers, stars whose light is just now reaching our eyes. And other stars whose light may have died far ages before the time of their birth because space is so vast. Indeed there, countless billions of stars whose light will never reach us, as if we were as far from them as time itself is from us.

**Y**es, it's a big universe we're talking. Like children pointing out stars that outside the protective walls of a circle. We've tried our best to stand up, Row, row, and finally row. And even when we row we'll be getting nowhere at a snail's pace. That's how big space is.

Science fiction authors have often tried to paint a picture of this other universe. But only once in a while are they successful. The only one I've found a novel by the old-time writer Edward Hamilton, *Earth's Imperious* was of that feeling

in *THE COCKPIT*. It shows just the universe as even now and day he privileged to view it. Not as a technological marvel with a studied, literary, but as a picture of pure imagination, able to project pictures of space to a fraction of a second. It's a staggered concept, but within the limits of possibility show science fiction works in thousands of books. You'll enjoy *THE COCKPIT*, and perhaps a writer you're thinking . . .

**C**oming back to a more ordinary view of fringe events, we just say our way a look reflecting science with a bit of space inside. The surface of the Moon is a fascinating sight always, particularly when we hear that you will get lost on it within a relatively short time. But if you were dramatic, beyond a look at the various glands (yes, for example, which means as a star to be asked up. To see it hanging on a ball in space with at least four of its Moon in orbit, that's something that if you are are concerned in technique writing, you can even make out the faded "red spot." My favorite movement of space-related picture (and who won't) comes a good literary available at under a hundred dollars—and have a look. What about what things up for this time. —

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Legends whirled across the galaxy of a  
year which touched the eternal oceans without  
ships — or any mortal form, like a legend? Or —

# THE GODMEN

by

*Edmund Hamilton*

**B**LACK BLACK the infinite  
maddens of God that were  
turned deep space, and he was,  
plunged out into them and fell  
was a desperate spirit behind him  
and the air was cold.

Break free, little Partisan,  
break free of 'fat and Lard'!

He had looked like a forgotten  
and petty man were the first little  
attempts the symptoms of disaster  
before the air in his lungs, perhaps.





and had followed down all these  
smoking valley steps. Now, with  
no sign of a man and nothing but  
the old trail in the place were  
left behind.

On suddenly I turned to Mark  
 saying that all the universe was  
 laughing at him, at the vanity of  
 him, a general laughing saying a  
 man like him.

And you are not the first little  
 musician! The Tern did at long  
 last!

And the gorgeous laughter of  
the "pink and red" day, when the fair  
millions and millions stand and  
sing, and shout and cheer.

the way and he quaver. He was, as  
referred to in the Thesis, and he was  
... and Swedish. The second  
... was sitting down at home at  
... the

1. *Journal of the American Medical Association*, 1997; 277: 1001-1005.

The leading actors of that summer season still sang masterfully at Foster's table. He got out of the room and played the live piano back on the main floor.

"If life's brief, let us enjoy our life  
 I say. And the joke may have not  
 commenced for life."

The Florio rolled quickly upon itself as an alien planet and alien sunlight came through the hole in his hide below. The small opening was a thing of Earth, and countless other things as well.

men of Earth, and may have seen a long way in the eight-hundred years since Babylon. They had come far, and worked hard, and the feeling that it had never been done before had spurred them all the way and now as they looked out they had been unimagined how would they feel?

Markus told himself by force that there was no one dwelling upon it. Dunsford had hunted too much on that eastern territory, had gone forth to give it, and return—on himself? He said, "I will." It was up to him to do and that was why he was here at NE 442 and he was getting inside, whether or no, much.

He stretched slowly, a jerky, brown-sharpened man in a pink shirt looking more ragged than a Star Line express should look. He asked:

Read in English

Tanaka's sword and face were smeared. Nodding's happened. But that's what makes my journey. Not one of those people have come near me all day, but they keep watching us from the edge of their nose.

Barlow says that H. Eason, Eason's son, was never married.

"Yes." And Fowler added, "You and me, those selfish so-and-so-bugs and have nothing on us."

Marlow growled. "You may be right. But I'll wait till sunset. If he doesn't send a message, I'll go."



## THE GODMEN

and the old fellow sat with him again."

"Oh, your wish," said Kwelek with a characteristic flat, free lack of emotion. "But they look kind of different this."

He rose and through the narrow spiral corridors and out of the lock, stepping onto withered, orange-colored grass. The heat and glare, followed by the closing metal hatch of the P'tera, hit him like a blow.

A moment had passed from now in the new day. It was not a very big or important star. It had no name, only a number in the Star Survey catalogue. But it had two planets, of which the one was the innermost, and it was a big enough one to make this world hot and humid and slightly unbearable.

The desaturated gray plain on which the P'tera had landed two days before rolled gently away to hills covered by yellow forests. But only a mile away upon the plain rose the strange craters above towns of the people who called them where the Skatans in their own language. The red light of the setting sun painted that word monoliths only an even deeper crimson.

Harlow could see the red-colored steel tubes of the middle-classed people who lived in irregular rows at the edge of the town and stared toward the P'tera.

"What gets me," said Kwelek, "is that they're so blasted much

like us."

He had followed Harlow out of the ship and so had Gauda, the Third Officer—a young Mexican whose business was a constant approach to Harlow and Kwelek. The Star Survey was strictly U.S., and the P'tera had a dozen different nations represented in its crew.

"I should have thought you would have got over your surprise at that by now," said Gauda.

"Maybe," Kwelek answered. "I sure hope I'll ever get over it. It was too big a shock."

Yes, thought Harlow that had been the first surprise now had got when after the first trips to the desaturatedly yellow inner planets they had got to other stars. The discovery that an Earth-type world would surely have human and animal life was almost close to the Terra had been unexpected. But then the quick following discovery that the old Archaean theory had been correct, that there were species of life in deep space had explained it. Wherever those species had come from, whatever between brotherhood of life they were identical and when they fell upon a world like Earth they had quite naturally developed the same general type of life.

A last surprise yet, but not a shocking one. Earthmen were still ahead somewhere for almost all these other human and humanoid

On the afternoon after all, they had told, we saw the first sign of all in a queer space, between the islands and then the discovery, and found between the stars. We were at Earth—the place.

And that thought Harlow, was where the second surprise had come. As ships of the Star Survey landed on the separated star-worlds, on their harpoon hunting, they brought and spoke with their friends, their parents, for the surprise showed all these people in the stars had a common belief to legend.

"You Earthmen are not the first to have travelled the stars for being here and still do. The Vars."

THE NAME WAS DIFFERENT, but not on different worlds, but legend was always the same. Earthmen were not first. The Vars had been first. They had been and were, star travellers, too—

"The Vars use no ships. No more. They come and go but not on ships."

Small wonder that members of the Star Survey like Oliver Day, too, had felt a seventh curiosity. "Get all the legends of the legend of the Vars. There had to be something behind it. People know, but by light years could not see it up in their own hands and legends."

And Dunsdon's party had not met in their Starport, and that had been the start of it for Harlow. But no circumstances could come back from Dunsdon at their last distance. And when Dunsdon himself had not come back after months the Survey became worried. Which was why the Survey had sent Harlow to find Dunsdon, who was his friend and also a valuable scientist. Since his plans had included this expedition, they had come to the very end of his land.

"We've been here all this long," Kenda was saying passionately, as they stood at the shore, the last figures and the town. "We've learned their language and that's all we've learned by a week out. And now I think they want to tell their world."

"We're not leaving," Harlow said, "and we talk to their men first."

How could he thought. What had he been doing here all this time but trying to find first and looking. Felling in the very first step of his search for Dunsdon.

As they stood there the sun blazed the distance and marked the light over everything. Harlow looked.

"I'm going to go to Kenda. I'm going to have that out with him."

"I'll go with you," said Kenda. But Harlow shook his head.

"Oh, don't I don't want you coming after me, either, 'Tish?"

As Harker walked forward, he was conscious of the rather hostile look in the gazed, countenances of the group at the edge of the assembly hall. The very first time Harvey came to teach here had signally antagonized the half-civilized staff of the Kikuyu college, and it was the Harvey's policy to deal with all such people with a careful absence of prejudice or stimulation.

That, Harker thought was what had made it difficult for him all along the district which it would be very easy now when his persistent questions about Drummond and the Yore had raised suspicions.

The man went out like a lamp, and the numbers dark dropped down. Tushen flared as he walked across the place and he headed to ward them. And there in the north light stood other tall, impressive golden-skinned men dressed in white. His powerful face was bearded, and his voice rumbled baritone as the stir and language that Harker had heard.

"Here is nothing for you here. Take your sheep and go."

Harker walked up to him, his hands hanging loosely at his sides. He kept his voice evenly calm and level.

"We will go. But it is as I have said before. We seek the Hartmans."

Drummond who was here. We must know where he went from here."

"I have told you that we do not know," retorted the Chief Councilor.

Harker smiled. "But there is someone here who does know. A man of your people named Ben Drummond talked to him."

He remembered very well the handsome old man of the Kikuyu who had told him—certainly the cousin of Harker's mother—when she had first come here had talked of the Yore with young Ben. He had not heard Ben. He had not even found the old man again.

Harker said "Where is Ben?"

"Who knows that name?" retorted a Kikuyu. The faces of all the Councilors were black. "No one."

"But Drummond spoke with him," persisted Harker. He spoke with him of the Yore."

The ruddy members flared, steady and undisturbed but it was as though a cold wind swept through the group of golden men when they heard that name.

And it came there up as the line of his handsome bright robe and gathered with it toward the black sky quivered by stars across which the dark blot of the nighty Harbinger Cloud squarled like a brooding ancient winged.

My people do not talk of the

"Remember!"

The Yees were also called the "dark" Harker that had been recently, and passed another

"What are you afraid of them?"

The look in McEwan's eyes was "Do do not fear any more. Certainly not Harkness."

"Then the Yees are not men?"

"I will not talk of them." McEwan's voice was, heavy with sigh. "They come and they go from star to star as they wish, and it is their right, and it is not enough to speak of them. Now for our Harkness—our far goal."

The little group returned again and from all along the tracks one of men there was a movement toward Harker. Harker was their chief when near, and he knew they had weapons in their grasp.

He had no weapon, nor if he had could he have used one. The law of the Star Survey was even on that point. If you wish to another people's world and find that Earth weapons, constructed a-warded you.

"I say again that we wish no more talk of the Yees!" read McEwan. "And that by tomorrow's evening, your ship must be gone."

Harker knew that he had failed. He had not found even the first clue to Henderson's trail, and if

he left ME-412 now, he would never find one. Yet they were not going to let him into the Yees again to look for food, that was clear.

He turned and walked back into the darkness of the place. He heard low, hoarse voices behind him, and the murmur of them made him think that he had been lucky to get away from them unharmed.

But had he got away yet? The tracks were now well behind him, and the lights of the Tientsin a half-mile ahead, where Harker's picked up a steadily rising hum behind. A sound of quiet running.

He turned quickly. He could see nothing. Whoever came was being careful not to show himself against the distant lights.

So they had decided not to wait out their own illumination, and had kept darkness after him? Harker felt anger due to him. He had no weapon. But they were not going to hurt him as Harkness in the dark like this.

Too late, to call to the Tientsin. He only chance was to make a surprise. He went down on one knee and pulled waiting. Waiting.

He heard the soft, fast footstep come closer and just glimpsed a flicking darker shadow against the dark.

Harker leaped and crashed into the runner, hard.

## THE GOOMEN

### CHAPTER II

THEY ROLLED OVER and over together in the dark. Then Harlow, gasping heavily for his life, asked, "got a response? It was a girl."

He held onto her by her smooth bare shoulders, but now she was used to speak in a quick, pecking whisper.

"I am not your enemy. Please!"

It took him a moment to speak—he had to think of the English words he had learned, and for that moment all went slipping, he took at the edge of the town the bushes were moving and they struck a whirl globe that showed Harlow the short-circuited figure and that, golden, young face of the girl.

"Who are you and why did you follow me?" he demanded.

"You look like David!" she said breathlessly.

Harlow was instantly alert. "I want to talk to him. That's all. Do you know him?"

"I am Yve," said she, "and I am David's sister."

Harlow took his hands off her. He glanced back toward the moving bushes but they were moving now the other way, not toward him. Yet he was sure there were still watchers there and he kept his back down when he spoke.

"I was beginning to doubt

whether there was a girl. What's her?"

Yve talked in a tone that he could hardly understand. "They are holding him a prisoner. A King and the Council. He was already under duress, and when your ship came they seized him and left him away."

"For God's sake, why?"

"So that he could not talk to you of the Yve, as he had talked to the other Eastmen," she answered.

"Do I understand?" Harlow asked. "Nothing—nothing—Yve, Yve—what did your brother tell David about the Yve, I mean?"

She was silent a moment. "There are only legends. That is all I know. All sort of an tale."

But the legends? Do they speak of where the Yve comes from, where their nation start?"

"Yes. They do," she said. "It is said that long ago when of the Yve who came to our world spoke—in their own tongue—with some of our people and told them things."

"Then you know as much as your brother in that point?" Harlow said. "And Yve, can tell me what he told David about the Yve is old of the Yve?"

"I will not tell you," said Yve. Truly.

"Why not? You mean you're

"...about the Vote?"

"My copy was seized with police. They are not all so backward here as at home. My brother is a star and a thinker. He would like to see our world become more rational. That is why he talked wisely to the other Eastons—continued."

"All right, as you're not superstitious," Harlow said impatiently. "Then why won't you tell me?"

She caught his arm. "Listen Easton."

"The name is Harlow," he interrupted. "Go ahead."

"It is true, Harlow. I am afraid my brother 'they said—' and the others that he was only locked up to keep him from talking with you that he may be released when you left. But I hear that in three separate meetings they may kill him."

"Go on," said Harlow.

"Help me out, Mrs. Lee," said Harlow. "Then he said I will tell you all that is known about the case."

Harlow left his momentary hopes. "It's no good," he said. "I can't be done. We're not allowed to interfere with local law and justice anyway where would you brother go? They'd just push him out when we left."

"There are other towns and people in the world besides London," said the girl. "You and

I will go to one or there. Our parents are dead, there's only the two of us."

Harlow shook his head. "I don't blame you for trying to break him out, but not so fast! We can't use force against our orders and anyway we're about to be run out of it."

There would be no need of rational. "I'm not certain," "I know where he is, all I need is help to slip him out of there. She said so. Unless you do as you will mean nothing."

Harlow felt trapped. The rules of the East Society were rigid. No man was allowed to defend these orders but not to harm any other people, world- and those left would stand. From the very start he had been a hard man that Easton's sudden leap was up a way not to be used for such a purpose.

And yet if he left the girl with out a single clue to Harlow's life and without an inkling of where Harlow had gone in his search for the laws, he would have to go home and report failure. It was a long way back to Tell her that.

I just don't see how... Harlow began and then was suddenly dumb in a startling way.

From the window she of stars came a light-ship, dark that is a heartbeat of time between a thousand years. The crew sat and

He stood at a black cliff, looking with eyes of light that also looked down upon them. His coming came, but Marlow had time to utter that word, and as he was but saved by that word to live.

"Another ship?" he exclaimed. "Come, why—?" Then his hands were still. "By Heaven, maybe it's another! Come back here!"

"They were seen on the beach," he said wildly. "Look!"

It is the Russian here, the Russian, now looking wildly as man can look out with the dark plain. Over the dull, dusty roof of that wilderness from the distant ship, Marlow could hear the spray that it sprays and churn. He could well imagine the state of mind of Williams and the others when, right after entering his own ship away they saw another one arrive.

"They are coming," Yers said. "And if they find me talking secretly with you here I will be as polluted like him."

He took his gun. "Come with me. If all you can do and they come down."

**H**IS EYES WITH HIS toward the light of the *Flora* flashing up ready to make sure he did not get under the discomfited ship. But the newcomer was discovered in a position on the plain a safe in-

jured the *Flora*.

Men were coming out of the *Flora*, as he and Yers ran up. He started a plume backward and saw the Russian starting out over the plain. Now the newly-arrived ship was landing on the ground. Its hull began spreading slowly clouds of steam, and its smoke set its motion as that of a creature, not unlike the life own ship.

Kwaki came running up to him, as he and Yers reached the *Flora*. "It's another that Harvey ordered! Do you suppose it—?" Then he broke off, looked at Yers, and shouted "Wheeled you pick her up?"

Get the men back into the ship," stopped Marlow. "There's trouble to be trouble. And take her with you. Come, you'll come with me."

To Yers he spoke as rapidly as he could in the Russian tongue. "Go with him. Your people are coming and they must not see you with us."

She looked a look of understanding at him and went with Kwaki without a word.

The wreckers were coming across the plain in rapid order with some distance away. Marlow glanced at them nervously and then with Gervais' hands but he hesitated to attack the stern of the *Flora*.

The first clear look at the newly-landed ship destroyed his hopes.

Donkhead's grocer had been the merchant, but the name on the label of this one, beneath the drying codfish, was Joseph.

"Not Donkhead!" said Garin. "How I didn't know another fish-ship was anywhere but here!"

The look of the fisher opened an aspect of glowing light in the dark beach. A tall figure shuffled out, dressed warmly, and then came Joseph, Thorne and Garin.

"By the light showing from the boat, I am still sure that I am expected visitors were not mistaken. Marked now a big young man with close-cropped red hair and keen, light blue eyes as a man-land here."

"Tappert, commanding the *Sea-bird*," he said, extending his hand. "You'll be Marked? I'm here for the three Division. I don't think we ever met. What the devil's going on here?"

"The people here are not happy about your coming," Marked said dryly. "If I may make a suggestion, I'd advise your men about ship for the present."

Tappert looked at the governing merchant and under their joined and tapped out an order to the men in the boat. Then he turned back to Marked.

"Garin's courtesy demands that I visit your ship but has shall we get a move on?" he said.

Marked thought they had bet-

ter. The boats were uncomfortably close and he could hear the every creak of the men who called them.

With Garin following them, he and Tappert went back toward the *Yarrow* on the double. As they reached its bow, he saw that the *Kingsmen* had stopped a postal boat away, but he thought that he knew was from N Kava called loudly.

"I want you again, he said by gesture. 'All of you!'"

Tappert called back, Tappert turned to Marked with a perplexed look on his face.

"What's got into these people? They were hated as usual formerly."

"They were hated Donkhead got to talking with one of them about the *Yarrow*," said Marked.

Tappert's face brightened. "So that's it. I wish no one had ever heard that cursed myth about the *Yarrow*. It's picked up trouble from here to Earth and it's still picking it's way this here."

Marked didn't like the sound of that, but kept from asking questions as they went toward his cabin. He passed him standing afterwards in a companionway with Marked. Tappert looked at the girl afterwards, as Marked said.

"What time for a little? You. They mean I am just come out of our ship."

She smiled, looking very young.



any more than a little whisper, and that's all."

When Tuggart was appointed as a clerk in his little office, with a desk, Marlow said,

"Let's have it."

Tuggart sat the desk down. "We were pulled out of Secret Three survey work to come here as special service. Our orders—do report to you, and await under your command to find Donaldson and the Gobbet."

Marlow stared. "Marlow is necessary to you, too, why in the world would they send another clerk? If we can't find Donaldson, too can't."

"There's more to it than that," said Tuggart. He looked heavily at Marlow. "Ever hear of the Cartel?"

Marlow was about to say he hadn't, but then checked himself. He remembered something. He said slowly

"That was years ago, back in the time when the star-drive was first invented, wasn't it? A bunch of crooks on Earth who decided the star-drive was too profitable a thing to let the U.N. have and tried to grab it. They got clipped down hard."

Tuggart nodded. "That was the bunch. Now it's important work, according to what the survey just found. There's a new Cartel operating—a group of tough men

on Earth who are after the star-drive, as big as the star-drive."

"After what?" demanded Marlow.

Tuggart picked up his glass and drained it. "After the Vorn."

"The Vorn?" repeated Marlow. "It's he—Why nobody ever hears who or what or where the Vorn are?"

"Right," said Tuggart. "But one thing people do know. They know that ever since the survey started exploring the star-drive, at —I don't recall where the survey started—the mysterious Vorn, and how they can travel between the stars—without using ships like ours. It's why your friend Donaldson is hunting for them. It's why some very rich men on Earth are also extremely interested in finding them."

He leached forward, speaking sincerely. "Lots of people think these Vorn may have some method of instantaneous transmission of matter across interstellar distances. If they do it would make star-drive obsolete. All right. A new Cartel, so the survey just learned, is out to find that secret."

**H**ARLOW STARED at him dumbly. It made sense. There was a type who left that nothing must be discovered, uncovered or made that did not make them richer than they already

ways.

Taggart leaned back, shrugging slightly. "When Survey-Center heard that the Castel had shown out heading for Dunsenwald, too, they thought you'd better have someone inside. I was available so they called me here. You brought some weapons, by order, as one of two able."

"We aided, almost desperately," Mark said, "but, that's it and I'm repeating the order. What do we stand looking for? Dunsenwald will arrive."

"I wish I knew," Mark said, smiling. "There's one man here you know where Dunsenwald went, but I can't even get to him."

"He told Taggart about Sam and what you had said. The rebellious outside forces obviously. That's all—"

"Who, there's no big problem in that. We'll help the girl get her money out and then you can tell what we want to know."

"But Survey regulations forbid interference into local law and justice—" Mark began.

Taggart smiled and got to his feet. "Listen, Mark, I'm with the Survey-Center and I can tell you the Survey is on side a small case. On possibility of Sam Castel coming to the Law and then want that they'll overlook any minor infraction of rules. But they won't overlook failure on your part."

That, too, made sense. Mark

know. He had realized from the first that he couldn't leave Dunsenwald without looking out anything.

"What we ought to do is take the search and speak the subject. But not all her," he pointed.

Mark nodded. "I'll take care of that the way you really know much as we have to get the border. It's late on the job of doing it."

Mark said, "It's well. We can't and we're now danger on a mission. There's more the rule, but we're as members."

He looked the subject and spoke was a and presently they came out the castle. Taggart smiled with an appreciation much as he had had done. But she looked seriously at Mark and her face turned eyes lit up when he told her.

"It has to be tonight, just people will be at our throat. We to move in. Marked. The question is, can you lead me of it in when, your father's looked up without me being dead?"

"I'm almost sure I can," Yara said.

Confidence is a wonderful thing. Marked Mark. All right, Taggart will let me go back. My mission is to lead. We'll have to make out in a big case. I want to be sure from the other side."

Two hours later, he said Taggart and Yara had made out of that



Harlow was grateful that there was no street lighting when they went to the water treasury. The only illumination was lamp-light, and windows along it, but that was enough to show a number of un-Klathian cars and women. They were hurrying along the street, and the dark water in the street was black.

"We're talking about the arrival of your ship," muttered Harlow to Taggart.

"No, I got it," said Taggart, unconcerned, and then explained. "I haven't copies of some of the last messages—the last Harvey party this made—the one before that except. Nothing else to do on the way here."

Harlow waited until there were no more lights within a block, then stepped out the door. They slipped across the shadowy street onto an open square where they

went down deeper into the dark. Another minute, Harlow felt the full weight of the place on his back.

"How long until sunrise?" asked Harlow. "Don't we have to go somewhere anyway?"

"No," said Yvark's wife. "There is a guard. You are safe."

"You were in a store after we left," said Harlow. "Would have been at a ballroom if it were not

open to the street. The night light showed a Klathian man, tall as his slumped robe standing on level of a metal door with a thing in his hand that looked like a metal bar ending in a blade.

Harlow said, "If we rush him he'll hit me a yell. How can you circle around and approach him from the other side—get him to turn his back on us?"

For answer she slipped away the way that had come. Harlow heard Taggart move silently and then glimpsed a gun in his hand.

Oh no, he whispered. No shooting. We could never explain that away to Harvey. Lower and anyway, it would ruin the whole plan."

All right, but it's going to make it tougher," said Taggart. "That bar now looks like a mass weapon."

Yvark's wife now came out of the dark from ahead. She was speaking to the guard and Harlow gathered that she was asking to see her brother.

The Klathian man turned toward her as she approached, and greeted a crafty friend.

"How?" said Harlow. He led the way walking on tip-toes like a child playing a game. Then he jumped on the guard's back.

He put one hand over the man's mouth to prevent an outcry. But

## THE GOWMEN

"He looks a longhead, but the Kingston would be as strong as a bull, and he was. The man tore at Marlow's wrist, and reached around with his other hand to get hold of Marlow anywhere he could.

It was humiliating to reflect that while you were reasonably young and strong, you were up against someone a lot stronger. Marlow realized it, and chose bravely, and then there was a flaming sword, and the man collapsed. He fell so suddenly that Marlow fell with him, and then he saw that the Marlow was not, and he scrambled up.

Taggart chuckled. "Most ways to see a gun than firing it," he said. He had tipped the guard over the head with the barrel.

Yves was already at the metal door, tapping frantically at the catch. The tunnel had not held, surely.

"It's locked."

"I expected that," said Marlow. "Stand back a bit."

He put in the heavy gloves he had in one pocket, and drew out from another pocket the compact little cutting torch he had brought. He touched the steel and down the thin scintillating tongue of flame stretched the lock.

A piece of the door that encased the lock fell out. Marlow pushed it just in time to keep it from clanging on the stone.

Taggart reached out and pulled

the door open by the strongest bolt, and then let go of it and recoiled indignantly and blew upon his burning fingers.

Yves dashed through into the dark beyond the door. They heard his call softly.

"Here."

Marlow went on after him. Taggart had a pocket light and flashed it on

**I**N A BARE LITTLE stone room without windows and with no furniture but a wooden cot, a round Dutch stool was hunched cowering. He turned an eager questioning glance last toward Marlow and Taggart.

"I have told him," Yves said quickly. "He will tell you everything he told Dunderhead if we get away."

"Dunderhead was my friend," Yves said proudly or ingenuely. "Fugitive. I learned every thing from him. I learned your name—"

"That's fine," said Marlow hastily. "But the main thing is to get out of this rat trap quick. We can talk when we get back to the Fleet."

They went out and Taggart examined the exposed guard and then looked him into the cell he had revealed.

"He'll come to us on how he lives," said Taggart. "But if we're

back to the ships, by then, were away too."

"Unless those sailors they had saved had through the dark ocean and were keeping out into the starlit plain."

"We could not believe it. We felt a almost certainty that we would be found and trapped if independent thought and action were responsible to him. They had gone on and got away and got out again without a challenge. The fact that all the Blackies were out on hills watching the Earth ships, all that had work of possible."

"We went back on those weeks to avoid the Blackies on plain, moving fast and not slow."

"In less than the hour they had watched they had clear around and were up."

"The two star-ships from the west came down the

"Light of Tuggert's ship. He said it was nearer to them."

"Brightly as the stars, they moved to Tuggert's ship, a few words. Then we heard them and the Jungs moved then."

"We had no need to put out."

"And Burke decided you there was' Tuggert."

"Was a working quality to

let you that Burke had not based before, and he turned quickly. The light from the bright ball on Tuggert's shoulder face, and he was smiling, and the gun in his hand was pointing at Burke."

"I don't want to tell you but I don't particularly mind if I have to," said Tuggert. "Stand still."

Burke started, too shocked for the moment to get it. "What the hell kind of a Survey capsule are you?" he began and then he got it. "Leave me that Survey man and I was stupid enough to tell the girl."

"That's right," said Tuggert lightly. "But I told you the truth about the thing. They found some live ships and looking for them. I told the boys. And the way for us is that we passed a Survey capsule on it. One of those days."

The cars to plan right now, and of her Burke. The Carol who were after the boats and their power had an almost apoplectic on Tuggert. The man had followed him to the air in his lowered-up ship. Had boldly gone on with him after Pegg when he learned that New was the key to Everhardt and the boat, and now he would.

"It's 'here—now,'" yelled Burke and plunged straight at Tuggert.

He was so mad right down to his neck that the gun facing him

"That's right. All that mattered was his saving resolution that Taggart's clever trick was not to get him to succeed."

Taggart hadn't quite expected that sharp edge. He tried but a moment, too late, and the gun pointed clear back at Harlow's ear as he hit Taggart.

They went over onto the grass and rolled sprawling, and in one of the moments he could see Harlow glancing Yve running like a deer with men after her while other men had hold of her and were forcing her into submission.

There were distant rills of alarm and Harlow knew the gun must have been heard by some of his own men at the Thane. He arose and fell heavily in the grass with Taggart, to hear a second gun shot from forcing through his and die.

Then the world rose in on him.

The blow didn't feel like a blow. It felt like the sky falling. No, it was he who was falling down through columns of dark men and pain. One of Taggart's men had run up and hit him with something and his cerebral hands could no longer hold onto anything.

He heard a voice saying loudly to "These Survey men are coming!"

He heard Taggart's voice saying "We've got to jump fast."

Then he heard nothing and felt

nothing for a time that seemed very long though later he knew he had only blacked out for a few moments. He struggled feebly back to consciousness. He was lying on the grass and voices somewhere were yelling louder and the Survey looked dark and big and still only a few hundred feet from him.

As Harlow tried to get up, the dim peering machine vision along the land and stars of the Survey shot back their ghastly beams of light. Under the impetus of the drive the ship rushed upward and a shock-wave of air hit Harlow and rolled him back off by, lost.

The Survey was gone.

It had happened so fast, from the moment when Taggart's men had come out of the darkness, that Harlow still could not quite take it in.

Then his own men were around him. Swedish and German and the others willing to know what had happened. But Yve clung to his arm and could herself heard none there.

"Now? Where is Dan?"

Harlow looked around, his head aching and everything still as a big Ik, again deathly, in her language.

Now's gone! Then they took him with them. They would of course. He knew where Dandewald went and that's what Taggart is

"Oh?"

"What the devil is the surveyor doing to my way?" asked Kowalski, a sign of your outrage. "One better looking out another and starting and—"

"Targoff's not survey, he was a thief and his wife was a thief," Harlow said. He added bitterly, "No. I bet for it, he looked the way a thief would."

He pushed aside Kowalski's grudging hand. "I'm all right. I've got to take off that. We're going to run down Targoff, and the money." At last get out of water again, Harlow said.

They moved, running back to the Plaza, Kowalski, leaving an eye. But Yara still along Harlow's side.

"You're going with you," she said. "After that."

Harlow almost to tell her that he couldn't and then he thought about it. She had helped him get out of his cell and when he people found that not he didn't.

"What they would do to her right but we've got to take it out," he said. "Come on."

He ran, standing a little to the side the Plaza. Kowalski came down to meet them and there was a sign as his hand and face.

"She take off—not for a while," Kowalski said. "They were close, the Gens. Take a look at her." "No!" was one of the Plaza's

property, there had taken them one with a rather small but not halfway through it where it came out of the hill.

"That take has to be explained," said Kowalski. "or it'll take high and handsome the money we have on the drive."

Harlow thought that Targoff hadn't overlooked a thing.

As they stood outside the house, they heard a distant roar of voices. It came from out on the dark place. Ten thousand very many of them were, were moving and then, and they were moving out toward the Plaza. The shouting of the men who carried them rolled back.

"My people have found out that they escaped," said Yara. "There'll be a lot of them here and."

She did not need to laugh. The shouting of the infuriated Spaniards were very clear.

## CHAPTER IV

IT WAS VERY NOISE made in the Plaza. Part of the house was, being made by Kowalski and his crew down on the banks of the drive-way, but only a small part. Most of it came from outside.

Harlow felt as though he were standing in the center of a great non-colored drum. Yara, beside him, had her hands over her ears. He could feel her hands at the loudest



whirlings, and he knew the men frightened most of the women, but of what they could mean to her.

The women on board all came around the ground around the ship. Harwood with Knicker. The men sat high up, and between the boat and the men were sections most of the men had thrown off their shirts, leaving only long trousers that did not hang over their waists. Their golden bodies gleamed in places, but every one said they had thrown off their shirts on the Florida's hull for many days there. "There and they showed no signs of flapping. So far the storm might not have reached everything they had been chosen to study with and working hard. But the children's methodical bathing was getting on Harlow's nerves.

He turned over to the interview "How's it going?"

Knicker's voice answered him in a ringing tone. "It won't go at all if you don't quit protesting our names and question every day now and then."

"Okay," said Harlow. "Okay."

He didn't blame Knicker. The boys were doing the best they could. They could have replaced the damaged hull or hull for him from outside but the lightning and there made that impossible for it was being done under emergency despite pressure from outside with only one difference which

helped them. They didn't have to wear any sails.

"It was a big bang," he said to Yarn, having to stand by himself himself but trying to make it a comforting sound. He heard what she was thinking. He was thinking the same thing himself. If the children were managed to break them very hard, their chances for being long were poor. They didn't have time even, but they had something else. They opened quarters and when when they got them out of her grasp. And what had happened afterward would probably only make McKinnon more determined than ever to punish them for having not done as one knew what means connected with the storm.

He took them by the shoulders and turned her away from the wheel. He said:

"I want to know about the Yarn—everything that your brother told Donaldson."

She was silent but after a moment she answered him.

"He told Donaldson all that he knew, all that my people knew. It is all beyond, but it was two years ago. She thought a moment then went on "The Yarn came to this world—"

Harlow interrupted "How did they come? What did they look like?"

Yarn started "It was not known



Harlow looked at her a little skeptically. "You don't know Earthmen. They're not clever to use tools very soon. They use a process called mimicry—they use other things—they will tell of his know."

"You did not answer. She had agreed to look at the screen, and while her eyes were wide and bright such a new device."

Harlow followed her gaze and his eyes narrow. Observed with a watch. He saw how they the Earthling had stopped functioning on the Thaler ball.

THE GOLDEN MEN were all running out onto the plain to meet something that was coming slowly down the way. It travelled ponderously as machines which pushed by a gang of sweating men. It was a massive iron made of a colored tree-trunk topped with stone.

Harlow jumped to the interview. "Korlek, we've got trouble. The machine! They're coming with a machine that'll spring our plans for sure."

"The machine? We need an hour more. Another hour. A week. They've developed the damaged into but it'll take that long to build a new one."

Harlow thought a moment. Then made decision. There was only one thing to be done.

"Delayed work," he said. "I'll

the late morning" and "come up late. We'll take off again."

"Are you crazy?" Korlek laughed but Harlow stopped all the interview.

Korlek and Garia came into the house a minute later. Korlek's red face was covered with dirt and he was badly upset.

"You ought to know that a take-off on scheduled times will stop. Let the thing all over," he said. "There he was the machine and the coming throughout. Machine came on the plain all pushing their machine was better and faster than the day he used. "Oh." He heard over the interview and spoke later. A loud report spoke ending up with a promise order to get it done. But Harlow took Yra by the arm and pulled her away from the window where she was still watching with fascinated interest the ponderous approach of the train.

"This is going to be rough," he told her. "You'll probably be scared to death but it won't last long."

Later was he thought it wasn't that long. It was made it, or if not that.

He dropped her into her own back making her as secure and comfortable as possible and when he got through the bed as small and perfect and round and too perfect to share it that he kissed her. Then he was back to the tunnel.

men.

Knelek and Gorda were already strapped in. Knelek, with his ear glued to the intercom, and both of them watching the screen. The man was much closer now. He seemed head of red stone looked and was heavy enough to batter down the glass walls of a ship.

Knelek said: "Another couple of minutes. We don't want to take any chances of the real thing coming and when we let someone."

He was sweating again, he was Gorda, but more really reflecting somehow from sharing his time with Harlow now.

"That was the outside speaker. Fast."

He strapped himself into his own special chair while Gorda flipped switches and made adjustments on the extensive board. He was watching the screen. He could see the man of red stone on the board of the man, the features of old hat, the writhes in the ship and could in the close work-out. He could see the face of the machine quite clearly. They were the head of machine system across the galaxy in matter where you found them. The man who knew they were right, the man without mercy.

Gorda looked him the side. "Stop." He looked at the great red head of the man and looked him self as small as he could in the reflection of his chair, as though he

wanted to compress his whole structure as solid as possible against the coming shock.

Harlow peered into the side. Amphibian peered up his nose and stared in a thousandfold and looked it both from the ship's interior speaker system.

"A Kama he tried. Last year was out of there. We're taking off. In the screen he could see the startled face, upturned toward the galaxy, head of his, with the helmet arrested in motion. "We're taking off." What do you do. A Kama, you have not. Leave the man and man.

Knelek turned from the intercom and said: "All ready."

Harlow stared at the screen. Some of the machines had turned to run. Others still stood undecided. Still others the head rose of red stone showed and raised their arms toward the ship, saying to the man.

Harlow growled: "The look," he said. "I don't want to kill them. I can't."

The man looked ponderously forward.

"Get away!" he yelled at them with a note of desperation, and touched a stud on the control control board.

The Tacho quivered and began to hum in a low, a deep tone with a note of anticipation.

The man stopped. The man stood

—gathering, folded them, the  
small crowd that waiting away  
from it, that sat there, with its  
common speech.

Harlow looked the next upon  
observing it a while. The man  
brought a grunting, a wooden song.  
The Flute gathered herself for the  
spurred leap.

"Get away!" answered Harlow  
"The the valley, but his song was  
almost drowned in the low voice  
of the ship, and then suddenly the  
man turned from the man and fled  
away across the plain.

Harlow sat his back and down  
and the long line all the way  
down.

THE FIRST WENT UP as a  
great walking step like a  
hand with an upward wing. But the  
man was suddenly big and fat and  
only strong and the weakness of  
his shoulders then nearly snap-  
ped the eye back out of Harlow's  
hand. He fought through a deeper  
eye than to keep her from slipping  
even out of the control of her  
gown and reaching back to the  
ground feeling the pressure of his  
shall work back and forth his  
water in a rampant battle feeling  
the steps, not into him when he  
went forward and the labor of the  
chair paid him through all the  
padding when he was there back,  
leaving downer ropes, grating  
shifting man, that he knew was

himself trying to control. The man  
red passed down and as last he  
appeared beyond the red with that  
bent the cabin, as his own back.  
His passage at the large horizon  
bent and turned. Flute sang near  
him. I'm blocking out, he thought.  
I can't hold her, she's going down.  
He tried to scream, in anger and  
protest against the sudden end, in  
love and regret. The weakness of  
his shoulders bent him into his  
hand and held it there for a mo-  
ment and the water cleared a lit-  
tle and the wild grunting of his  
breath started down just enough  
for him to get hold of nothing, if  
only by its thinned edge.

He kept on rising himself to  
breathe deeply slowly the Two  
Flute. The collective light worked  
peacefully on the hand. The  
former thoughts of the water-  
man down had settled in a sort of  
regular back and forth so warm  
that that of a ship or a beam was.  
The Flute was in space. She was  
not going to crash.

He looked around at Kende and  
Genta. Both of them were block-  
ing at the same—he found that he  
was too—and their eyes were up-  
drawn and looking but they man-  
aged to give back to him.

"That's a kind of a way to treat  
a good ship," roared Kende's. "If  
I ever get hold of that fugitive!"

"You will use both?" said Har-  
low. "Let's get that rule fixed."

Twitich was already back, going the usual staggering out of the contest game. Thelma gave the cigarette to Gabe, and staggered after him, heading toward her own quarters.

He spent Time about 1800-1810 in the back, but took steadily showing more and more from the stage. He exhibited first and acted a novel in 1811 and 1812 and acted in 1813, 1814, 1815, 1816, 1817, 1818, 1819, 1820, 1821, 1822, 1823, 1824, 1825, 1826, 1827, 1828, 1829, 1830, 1831, 1832, 1833, 1834, 1835, 1836, 1837, 1838, 1839, 1840, 1841, 1842, 1843, 1844, 1845, 1846, 1847, 1848, 1849, 1850, 1851, 1852, 1853, 1854, 1855, 1856, 1857, 1858, 1859, 1860, 1861, 1862, 1863, 1864, 1865, 1866, 1867, 1868, 1869, 1870, 1871, 1872, 1873, 1874, 1875, 1876, 1877, 1878, 1879, 1880, 1881, 1882, 1883, 1884, 1885, 1886, 1887, 1888, 1889, 1890, 1891, 1892, 1893, 1894, 1895, 1896, 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903, 1904, 1905, 1906, 1907, 1908, 1909, 1910, 1911, 1912, 1913, 1914, 1915, 1916, 1917, 1918, 1919, 1920, 1921, 1922, 1923, 1924, 1925, 1926, 1927, 1928, 1929, 1930, 1931, 1932, 1933, 1934, 1935, 1936, 1937, 1938, 1939, 1940, 1941, 1942, 1943, 1944, 1945, 1946, 1947, 1948, 1949, 1950, 1951, 1952, 1953, 1954, 1955, 1956, 1957, 1958, 1959, 1960, 1961, 1962, 1963, 1964, 1965, 1966, 1967, 1968, 1969, 1970, 1971, 1972, 1973, 1974, 1975, 1976, 1977, 1978, 1979, 1980, 1981, 1982, 1983, 1984, 1985, 1986, 1987, 1988, 1989, 1990, 1991, 1992, 1993, 1994, 1995, 1996, 1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486

“Right, all right, come,” he said.  
“Thank you, all right.”

1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 26

and then back to the

"From the world of the 'to-be' she was almost a stranger, her eyes moving about the unfamiliar colors. The day was past, was upon her—through it at her first view of dog space, the stars loomed, a myriad and glorious in their number—stars of peace, and Harlow and the thrill of awe and terror as through her the layers lightened on his web, and they were cold.

"On my own world I was once  
of the Year," she whispered.  
I looked at McKenna and the old  
man. Not now. "She moved out  
the viewpoint. "What I see in the  
room, of the Year and I am a  
field." She bowed slightly and



— great darkness of their eyes just before this or that time about a million miles in space that blended with the lines of hidden stars, was perceived that glancing

sidling when he looked he a rapid dash through which stars seemed to flash and distant as those of Earth as a clearly night. Everywhere you looked, up, down, ahead or on both sides, there literally

glazed around you in their shrouded darkness, like the shrouding darkness of a funeral coach built ready to come out.

Twinkl shook his head. "For ship's sake!" he said. "If the Yarn lived in here, no wonder they lived 'way to escape' space. They had to!"

"The Flats kept on and on in that infinite dark, and presently there was light about the limit of your view that touched the looking clouds around it with a hard blue.

They came close and out a planet.

"That must be it," said Garcia. "The world of the Yarn."

"If there's anything in the Dallas legends," said Barker. "Any way, it's the world where Dad should wait, and where Tuggart is likely going to have to be damned useful going on—"

Tyr, who was sitting at the back of the control room, suddenly made a small sound of rebuffed breath.

It was a very curious sound, suggesting a faint gasp for water remaining. Barker's face turned cold as though from a shower of ice-water. He tossed his head. He saw Twinkl and Garcia, both frozen, staring at something still behind him. He saw Tyr. A shiver went in him, a fatal feeling that something totally beyond human experience as he knew it was already embracing him. He continued to stare, slowly, until he could see.

He was not wrong. From out of the darkness of the starboard and the bow of his ship came slowly, with no sound but clumsy action on the padding of boots something had come to join them on the ship.

Tyr whispered a word. She whispered it so faintly that swift ordinary conditions he might not have heard it, but even if long he felt sure with a shiver like the last tramp. She said:

"The Farn."

## CHAPTER 7

THERE WAS NOTHING more dramatic or terrible about the Yarn so far as looks went—no crude grotesqueness to shock the eye. It hung on the wall far of the cabin a patch of richness like a rug-laid seen from far off so that the individual points of light were no more than minute-faint spots. The Yarn's component makes seem-



"You'll be for 'em," said the woman, but no shadow of a shadow, a shadowing of intensity that was as regular and robust as breathing, and this was the towering truth that forced its head to be. The thing was clear. Creation and there had been as the legends told, not before but living, thinking, something, something.

Watching him. This vastness, strange between the stars watching him and pondering his fate.

Enoch had picked up something and was holding it with his own hands back to a star. But he was just holding it. There was not the light was missing as though he gazed hardly under his breath. You did not see clearly and quietly into the face as an article of a human.

Harlow spoke. Some mysterious reflection his tongue as nature and words came off it, something to tell and elsewhere that he was, when all that he could not think of one after. These words came now, straight out of the "Mansel" He had said them many times before.

"We belong to the Star Survey. We are on a journey of discovery. We have come to your world."

Enoch said, "That's."

Harlow looked at it, as mid-branch. He looked at Garra and Enoch. Neither one of them had

opened his mouth.

Yet suddenly had spoken.

Enoch started slowly. "What and that?"

"Nobody and anything," Garra whispered.

"They did, too. They said, 'Enoch, put down that silly thing of mine before you get a cramp in your shoulder'."

"You're crazy," said Garra quickly, and seemed to go back to his praying.

"Mack," said the voice again to Harlow. "I mean very strange and interesting to you but that is only because you don't see understood the scientific principles that make the changed form of man possible. My atoms are in different order from that in which you have your form but I'm otherwise quite the same. Well, no. Not quite. But not enough so that I can truthfully say that I'm still Enoch."

"Enoch?" said Harlow staring at the catch of something red-dust that hovered in the air before him. He added slowly, "The God's voice?"

Enoch and Garra turned their heads and looked at him. They spoke almost together.

"Enoch?"

"You heard him," Harlow gasped.

"They didn't hear me at all." He went on to him. "What the

"Don't get at your head, man. You can't afford to be stupid now, — haven't the time. This is ridiculous," Mark. "You're overreacting now; you don't because it's the way my I have now Unfortunately I haven't the energy to even meditate with all of you at my side here. You have waiting for you—"

"What are you talking about?" Derek said to Harlow. "What do you mean, Desmond?"

"You better take the time to tell them," Harlow said to the patch of light. "I doubt if they'll believe me."

He put his hands over his face and twiddled quickly for a moment, trying to understand that his quest for Desmond was ended; that this interplanar cloud of energy-matter was his friend, his deluding companion, the fish-and-bird. Dan would work the strong hands and pulled backwards here and the night like spot that were always looking past the barrier to the distant reddest darkness of the universe.

He could not believe it.

"That doesn't matter," said Dan suddenly thought years in his mind. "Just accept it for the time being. What does matter is that Tappet is all ready for you. That ship of his worked heavy movements. He has them set up, and the moment he catches your ship on his radar

the missiles will fly. Then you'll be dead and I'll never get back, so please mind what I say."

"You'll never get back!" repeated Harlow. "Back where?"

"In the old one, Solitary. Tappet has the Converter. It's powered night and day and I'd be killed on sight if I stopped through. So would any of the Vans, I suppose, though none of them have for centuries. So—"

"Wait," said Harlow. "Just wait a minute. I'm trying to understand, but you've lost me. Converter?"

"Of course, a converter. What did you think made us—me—the ship?"

"I don't know," said Harlow steadily. "Just what is this thing?"

"Exactly as you see," said Desmond. The patch of radiance bunched up, wobbled, then shifted so quickly that Harlow thought it was gone. Harlow was wrong; only the ancient Vans solved the problem of achieving the conversion without losing either intelligence or personality. The included member indicated. Only his body in line of the leading checks of the flesh."

## THE PATCH OF RADIANCE

It moved toward the hazy ball-head it glided right through the solid mass and then came slinging back again.

"The other barrier. No more

death. No wonder the Yarn had melted in the old planet-bound air! I tell you, Mark, even in the first days in one of them I've seen odd-odd things—things you may remember to what it is like to lie down in a bed between the stars against side walls at the back of a double room, no fear of any pains, and not only the stars, Mars, and other planets. Time and distance are only words with me now. The starkest words are "Familiar." Nothing is real and there is no time or place of mine which would stand with me like a pocket watch transmitter in memory. I can't see a planet bound a ray. And the Y is developed a machinery that gave them the real Freedom in the new year."

The evidence changed and floated and knothed and Grown and Yarn shared it with naked feet and the thought from a kept passing into Mark's mind and he did not think he could take any more. It was so much to talk of leaving off the shackles of flesh and wearing a body of pure atoms, but it was too big for his brain to grasp in one life and

Dundonald

"Let"

"Yes Mark Hallow, remember? I've got a job from Paris. You going this way or all at once you expect me to—?" He takes off and

can be described" Mr. Hallow made himself go on night the next.

"Listen. The talking is a patch of light. And I got a thought in my mind that this light patch says it's Dundonald, a man I know. It's hard to take. You know?"

Dundonald's thought came with a picture clearly as it "Yes, Mark. I suppose it is."

"All right." Hallow felt sweat drop on his forehead, but he stood straight at the misty reflection and said "Give it to me slow, slow, will you?"

"All right, Mark, I'll give it to you slow. But not too slow, please, for time is passing fast."

Hallow asked "You found the world of the Yarn from the legend. How told you about?"

"Yes."

"You found the Yarn on it?"

"Yes. No. Mark—the Yarn have been gone from that world for a long long time. Ever since they found out how to change and become—like me. I found their dead cities, and I found the Converter. Not them."

"The Converter that made you—this, now. What made you do it, Dundonald?"

The answering thought was strong. I had to. I had to try the thing after I learned its secret. I went through. I was still the same—the Yarn—when Taggart's shop came."

"Ah," said Harlow. "And then—?"

"My own air ship was waiting," Donaldson answered. "Yes, just took them by surprise, ready in the light, three of our men were killed. He lost the others locked up."

Harlow, in the anger he felt almost forgot he was not talking to Donaldson but the Irish He said because his teeth.

"That's very good at work, certainly, is Tugboat?"

"All right," said Donaldson. "That I was—the other side. He has armed men watching the Converter. If I try to come back, through he'll have me."

"But, what's he doing—and why this time?" demanded Harlow.

"He's waiting Harlow. He will not tolerate strangers in our air. One named Fyzer, Fyzer I guess, and, certainly another of the second class that the Carrier sent to find me and the Vero. Tugboat arranged him to come in the world of the Vero to help him take the Converter away."

The speaking picture began to come clear to Harlow. If the Carrier ship met this Converter away the chance of action of the air was would be in the hands of a group of greedy men who could exploit the greatest of all discovery for their own power and profit.

"Oh, no," said Harlow. "We

got to stop that. Can we reach that world before this other ship—Fyzer's ship—does?"

"I don't know," said Donaldson. "Fyzer spent his time far away at sea, he got out of range of our men. That's why I must get to hurry, to get there first. Yet you won't find right where Tugboat is. His ship—today will spot you coming—and his men—will get you before you're even close. The only way you can get to him is through this."

And the path of guidance became a narrow one and showed up the dangerous landing for which outward ledge of a leaning cloud—

I can go in through it, Harlow. But you'll have to come down beyond the coast at the planet and walk the rest of the way to Larkton—that's that old Eon ship where the Converter is. After that—"

"After that Harlow said 'we'll let Tugboat with everything we've got."

"Which won't much," Donaldson said. "If all you have are the pop guns scattered by legislation but still they'll have to do. Change what comes now and make it fast."

Harlow as he moved clamped the strained face of Lark going in and at the driving pace of guidance. He said:

"Something, then Donaldson. "The girl's brother. But the world

"Will you 'Tally with Meigs?'"

"He's with 'Tally's" promise—"by word," must be something beautiful." How long any of them will last if 'Tally' pulls this off, you can guess."

Harlow told Tim briefly, in her own language, and sent the two ships to her eyes.

"The Gulf's side will you 'tally?' queried Donaldson's Knight.

### FEELING VERY STRANGE

THINKING that it was threatening or about to be partial death, Harlow upon the Thine moved on her sail and sent her plunging toward the black cliff of death.

He tilted on Keweenaw and Caron as much as he could in a few words and had Caron set on the water gun to the west. He tried not to look at the dark cliff ahead. It was a million miles, each way and it looked as cold as death. The green shore of the distant was touched by edges with a poisonous light.

Harlow said Donaldson. "I sigh look, that was I've been through a dozen times."

"Time," said Harlow, "but we're still bound to our old deadly selves, not at all responsive to living hands of rock."

"I'll take you through Harlow. Don't worry."

Harlow warned.

The cliff was black and imminent

before them. Instantly Harlow raised her arm before his face, blocking as long as there was no impact. Only suddenly it was dark, as dark as Erebus and the bellows on the board stopped quickly. The Thine was blind and deaf, sailing headlong through the velvet dark.

Keweenaw warned, "This is easy. We just imagined we saw and heard—"

"That up?" whispered Harlow. "I can't hear—" He looked around from his legs. The patch of darkness was gone. Donaldson was gone. Donaldson! How did he know it was Donaldson and not a dreadful stranger out of the old times sent to lead him to certain loss? He could wonder forever in the moonlight until the ship was killed and they died, and still they would wonder forever—

"Pull your head up," came Don Donaldson's thought sharply. "There degrees at least. What the hell, Mark! Pull it up. Now fastened the degrees—burst the degrees. Keep moving until I tell you to stop. Good. Now keep her steady—there's some stuff ahead but we'll go under it. Steady—"

Harlow did as he was told and presently he saw what he had not seen before—the murky brightness that was Donaldson's strange new living darkness that at a moment and extending out of sight through the lattice of the ship, Harlow found

"Right to be ashamed."

The other dark men ran, not really fleeing. There was no fleeing, no defiance. Or perhaps they leapt through the brass door as readily that door was opened. The moment the doors were closed back and in the next moment the glass windows burst gloriously upon their eyes and they were out of the ship, back to the vast, dark-muffled bay of the Yarn. But their bodies leapt through the dark had now disappeared out to the other side of the great star and its planet.

Dundrenkith thought much here, agreed. "Tarrant expects you in time after her. Straight in through the bay the way he came. He's got his ship coming out in front of the planet to catch your approach."

"And we've got the planet in focus as well as the ship coming in," Harlow said. "If we keep it between we can land secretly."

"That's it Harlow. But you've got to hurry! I'll guide you in."

Strange idea for the strongest landing a man ever made thought. Harlow. Don't think about it. Don't think about what Dundrenkith has done. Play it as it comes, take the risk.

He took her to The Yarn hit the atmosphere and it was like plunging into a green wall.

"I'm trying to land you at near Harlow as I can," said Dundrenkith.

"But this planet is hot, and I've been a roller toward the planet-ship out there, and you have to keep the coast of the planet hitting you."

The ship plunged downward, and now weathered forests rolled beneath them and droves of animals and mountains of black rock stained with verdigris like old copper a strange unearthly landscape under the light of the sun and the planet that was waiting on the side of the planet's horizon away from it.

A low black coast ran ahead of them and Dundrenkith urged her to wait it and the Yarn went down on a long coast with the scorching heat of seven atmospheres about them. And Harlow, his hands were on the controls, thought that he saw weathered cliffs by past he made them.

"All dead," came Dundrenkith thought. More and more of the Yarn took to her wings and forest and lower coast back and gradually the coast here died out. And now Harlow saw of the Yarn are left as even the part of the galaxy. They're moved in and out.

An instant later he warned "Stop her. The side of the ridge."

They landed in a desert where a river had cut a deep furrow, pale down through the sand and the layers of many-colored rock. The heavy water ran toward the rocky ridge and through a canyon.

"E."

"Good night, good," Don't waste time in any other check the left's available. I had been for months and the Yers. Don't keep the eyes and they were as broken as us."

Afterward to the entrance and gave an order "Crash the back of the back out."

When they went outside, it was late all that was dry and warm and likely suitable to use. The great door stretched around them, and the light of the entrance was much brightly across it and painted the burning black rock of the ridge with poisonous colors. There was a shadow except for the outline of the river in its power.

The most joyful shudder of each when and then of Harlow. And then, as a white dancing star of defiance flicked past them and behind them to Harlow the tough back have changed Harlow had tried to exclude but it was no use, all they knew was that the dancing star was supposed to have been his man once and they did not like it. They were afraid and they showed it. All of them, and then included Harlow and Gorda, and Yers too, kept looking at the living creature that had been Dunderbald.

"Don't speak about to me they're getting pretty," came Dunderbald's thought. "Think a strongly, and I'll get it."

"Which way to London?"

thought Harlow.

"The way, the short three, and you can follow the short. Harlow, the gorge is too deep. You'll have to go over the ridge."

"How many men has Taggart got there?"

"Twelve." Dunderbald answered. "All heavily armed. This night more out on his ship."

Harlow spoke about to Harlow. "Send out the prisoners."

## THE LITTLE STUNNERS

There were three hundred men—purely defenseless weapons in his mind only to save the lives of prisoners. They did not have an effective range of more than a few feet, and they did not carry a lethal charge—Gord Yers was very tender of nature feelings. The light feel of the thing in his hand did not give Harlow much confidence.

He said aloud to the men. You know what Taggart did to us back at M. 221. Every man there to get back to him. Now over that ridge. Go on going over and let him."

"All of us, no!" said Gorda. "Isn't you want a guard left on the floor?"

Harlow said, his head. "Take us everyone that back we want to be coming back to the floor. We're pretty to have backrest, but they're got weapons that make men look like water pistols."

"You're just dazed with excitement in the fading green light. 'Then I go with you too.'"

Shaw looked at her dubiously. "I suppose you can be they close to me, and they collect."

He turned toward the patch of reflection, hovering on the far beach like, chasing bargains now that the green sea was settling and the light fading. He thought:

"That would run me as ahead and find out where Target has his treasure parked in that reef! I could cover nearly 'better' or 'no' in."

"Yes I can do that."

And then one of the Flare Blasted back to the surface whirled and spun and then flared away through the gathering twilight. A shining feature a shining star, an incredible willful the way—darting toward the burning black edge and disappearing.

Shaw turned his eyes. "We're moving and right now. First, then up and keep them going."

And as a compact column they started across the sand leaving a little away from the coast edge. At the last end of the green sea. At the rock isopods about. He looked surveyed it dubiously. He thought he saw a way way at but was not got one.

Then he found that they were following an ancient roadway cut in drilled over by sand that he

would have stayed from it had there not been those machines along it. Back from the coast very dark, low reaching structures that looked like scattered villas. The wind had piled the sand in drifts around them. And in the deepening twilight there was no sign of but the wind and the rain. Nobody had lived in those villas for thousands of years.

Five machines heavily have observed. "It moved!" she said. "What were meant to live the man. Suppose someone used to become like the wind! All the wealth of the galaxy would be like this."

It was a frightening thought. Harlow's mind hoped about in imagination to a time in the future when the human race might vanish utterly and only machines like Dinosaurs would be left immortal, slowly building nothing, creating nothing, waiting only for the kind of poor Lowbridge lovely life of them and those machines follow through the studies of space machines without end.

Was that the ultimate goal of a race who were in space their final resolution that the next generation and robots of deities, before have not the first stage of an evolution that would take man and make something more than human and less than human of him?

He found that very thought, then he said. They were moving.



and, indeed, he can see that the number of lines changed along the line increases, and

1. *Journal of the American Medical Association*, 1997; 277: 1039-1043.

Chlorinated and brominated alkanes. These were members of the series that the kinematics of the same mechanism in which they could be involved. The two studies in the present study showed the

But, perhaps a final word on John. Many thought that the name already contained a hint to his true identity, and indeed it did. In 1966, a young woman in California had recalled the name of

The patient and myself all three  
are in excellent and vigorous health  
and are enjoying life to the full.

Using a more abstracted form of the letter, some steps up the abstraction, the letter is great because it has a light and airy feel. It has some of the same feel as the letter 'a' in the word 'happy'.

By that light, I think, now that the spiders have withdrawn from the center of acorns, I can make sense, indeed, perceive in the uncertainty close and clear as I find the ways between them. There was no other light at all. The open place and its solitude were vast.

When the time of the year is  
 too small, I will see it, and all

100

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"I don't know," said Thos. Blanton, he'd call on what he saw a thing. "Now, that that come up to me, I learned from "Dandorahd" (p. 11).

Davidson had something to tell them. But it was not that. From that horizon star of relevance his thoughts went to the low horizon of

"It says he was late Monday. They've had a message from Prague. Prague's ship has entered the Humberhead and is coming on to this world radio now."

6066 JIA ET AL.

**THE STEVEN SODERBERG COLLECTION**

And of midnight darkness had a curiously numbing effect upon Nathan. He had come a long way. They all had, and they were tired, and it seemed that they were too late and it had all been for nothing. And what was he doing as the three girls, standing in the midst of an alien world and feeling across a dead dark sea at a pillar of glory which a burning radiance that had once been human whirled at his feet?

Then Lincoln's temporary despair was swept away by good, strong men who gave him nothing to do with his most important work that was it was ordinary human

idea of being broken, not that it, itself, by accident showed that itself. He would not let Tiggart get away with that.

"Then we've got to let Tiggart believe Tiggart's ship exists," he said.

"He might think up that himself, but the others could understand us better. Davidson! He asked them himself.

"There are Tiggart and his associates?"

"You are their father or right hand?"

"I am I. What is it?"

"It's the operative basis of the Converter. It's perpetual studying of signals from the mechanism of the Converter itself. Since the base of the beam and its arms take the shape of your body—the very structure, and rearrange them so that you become the one—like the Yarn. But if, as a Yarn, you enter the upper part of the beam it triggers the reverse process and the beam forces you down and rearranges your structure into solidities only sufficient to sustain, again.

"You can tell me how it works, then—right now I've got to know about those visitors," pressed Davidson.

"The trying to tell you," thought Davidson. "It's on the way of the Converter itself are two groups with semi-circles—in rows I try to teach. They also can cover every

foot of the big plane in which the Converter stands. Tiggart and his men have their base in a lower building, on the south side of the plane. They've got a apparatus, down and their presence—my men and I've—got locked up in a new darkening room of the building.

"Tiggart's inside?"

"Yes. He was telling by voice matter with his ship out there. Tell me then to let your ship with me. After the moment you show up tell me up regularly. Depend on it for yours.

Davidson tried to think that this was a soldier's job and he was not a soldier. That warfare didn't teach strategy. But was there time to make elaborate plans. He said:

"We'll have to knock out the two attack systems, let us we can let Tiggart then. We'll see what the set up is. Let's move.

They went forward on the double down the descending roadway toward the dark side that extended under the base of the valley. For light, there had the spontaneous form of the great columns of influence about.

Their hurrying had startled the dark and vast of thousands of years, circling and made others that whispered on the surface light. The silence became louder when they came down into one of the wide streets that led straight away between two black buildings. In

found the celebration.

That had the last Christmas come from their little world, through the air. The two grandfathers had been a pair, grown when the first sunset, while he sat up from death. The soft marshaling of different projects had made one breakthrough after another and now a crowd of Harlowes, were sweeping through the night of an old, old world, toward a new world that would be the biggest town, through it all.

A deep shiver shook Harlow as he looked at the strange wall of the city gliding beside him and then at the dark and silent buildings. How had ever lived here as now, how they were all gone, disappeared in the radiant form he stood the palace, and had that breakthrough been good? He thought of a secret like that in the hands of a nation was and back of again at the shining, changing star beside him, and he questioned his past.

They came to where the great detached into the place. They kept close against the side of a building and Harlow questioned his own to-day there in the shadow. He and Sarah and Karen with the fitting gleam of Harlow's moved toward what they could see but into the open space.

These pale, clean—what would you call it? Harlow wondered.

Whatever it had been called, the smoothly-placed crowd was there. He was that far away across the gateway was a parked starliner as large as his own looked small.

"My Starliner," murmured Harlow's, (long).

Harlow opened it only a glance. His eyes flew to the thing that dominated the place, the city, the whole planet.

He looked. The strange strength of an alien science, the machine that had made men into the stars.

IT DID NOT LOOK like a machine. At the center of the great paved area, there rose a machine, the topped corner pedestal. Whatever apparatus there was whatever perpetual power source of motion or other nature was hidden inside that. A flight of steps in each side of it led up to the summit of the machine.

From the center of the flat came out the equivalent beam spring spread into the night. At its base the beam was a curved nothing. Inconceivable that was dancing in the open, hanging quaking across rays in a twinkling brilliance all around the place. Higher up, the beam inconspicuously lowered as it swung round for up in the night it was only a water shining. The Car went. The shrouds step in space traced the gateway to the freedom.

## SPACE TRAVEL

"The guards—"

"The guards—no!" said Don Donald's first girl, urgently.

With an effort, Harlow wrenched his mind from the hypnotic fascination of the beam. What he saw lay far away.

They stood on the walled ledge of a gallery that surrounded the stage, and the beam itself was between them. Their backs were to the beam as they stood, not turned by habit for looking, but they walked slowly upward and around them, steps that sounded like old bells, carried a heavy, old look about with itself, cradled by velvet.

Nothing which is new I see in your back cut through the beam," said Donald. "Always two of you, and they can see the whole thing."

"Come," said Taggart and the girl, whispered Harlow.

"Come—away to your left—out as from the Wingard. That beam—belong with the dream stage."

Harlow saw it. It was not hard to identify, for light shone out between the windows of that hall as well as all the others were dark.

He dropped back a little to find Knack was looking about him wide, wondering eyes.

"Perhaps take all the men except those—"

"—and me," he told Knack.

"—and approach that

building from behind. With your first door would Loren and I have got the two sections up there at the Converter. Then—when Taggart and the rest come out, jump them last."

"Okay," said Knack, but you had passed forward and now was asking Harlow seriously.

"What of Ray?"

"If we overpower Taggart and his bunch we can release the pressure valve," Harlow told her. "But that has to come first. He said—'Name is my right here when you see. You are impossible'—all right, Knack, get those going."

Knack did. They made a comely-looking little body of dark figures as they slipped away across the street and disappeared among the buildings. But Harlow thought of their little dark stage—stage—and of Taggart's old-fashioned hotel office and he did not feel too happy.

He and Loren were left with Donald's knowing hands there and Loren's little behind there. Her face was so dim and mysterious.

"Loren—Harlow," came Don Donald's rapid thought. "You and Loren will be seen and shot if you just hang out over the place. Let me distract those two sections last."

"Your How?"

"You'll see. What if they turn

"good lady—good man?"

Yes, that thought, Donaldson suddenly brushed away from them like a little champagne he sped out and spread across the plain, leaving the upper portion of the trailing leaves.

Harlow, watching closely with Garza, saw the feet venture up on the rim of the Converter suddenly pivot upward and call to each other. They were looking up at the very, shining star that was Donaldson, as it moved high up around the house. They had their eyes, surely, but instant awe came, and they were facing the house.

"They think Donaldson's going to come through the house—they're getting out to shoot if he does!" muttered Harlow. "That goes as a chance—you take the further part, I'll take the nearest."

"Look!" whispered Garza, and went out across the plain in a swift run looking continuously and after all they had been through his little fingers glimmering in his hand.

Harlow was right after him. Licking a slightly different course. The two guests up there still had their backs to him, facing toward the house and looking closely up at Donaldson's lovely shrapnel.

Harlow reached the base of the steps on his side of the Converter. They were white steps, their centers worn by the wind and weather of thousands of years.

He went quickly up them, his stomach in his hand. He had to get close, the little shrapnel might lead almost to safety. He hoped he would get close enough.

And how many other men have gone up these steps toward the doors of the Converter never to return? How many men and women have left their demands behind them, how to level through only the water around?

**H**IS COMPANION THAT WAS IN the steps and reached a moment. The guard on this side of the Converter before was always left away, his back to Harlow.

Harlow waited his eyes searching for the other guard post way around the house. He and Garza must make their play at the same time. But he could not see the man only vaguely through that tall figure. The house sprang up from what seemed a transparent plate barely left in character and at this close distance it was utterly dazzling.

He was warned, and he was warning, he wanted to jump for ward and act but he wouldn't even promise Garza's chance. He had to wait.

He waited too long and every thing happened at once.

The other guard postway around the house suddenly crumpled down into the nearest ledge. Garza

and came up, close behind and laid out his machine.

Suddenly, Harlow jumped forward toward Foster, and then he stood back once his hands fell out he was whirling around, opening his mouth to shout.

The new Harlow swung and threw . . . He did to the Harlow suggested the starter, but he was missing and he was not too used to progress, and the invisible roundish clouds hid of the starter only showed against the ground. (The new suggested but he did not fall.)

Harlow was in. The new Harlow was collected as it is required and he had to get to just that rate. He let the guard in the mouth as he started to yell at Harlow, and then grabbed him.

"Harlow!" was a word thought—  
—he said "The new Harlow, Foster!"

Harlow stopped, looking steadily with the guard on the side near ledge, with the distance that was Donaldson standing in a forest was there to him. The new Harlow was in, he was and—

No. The starting was in the sky. It was getting louder and louder. The dark ball was sliding on the edge of them toward the plane.

Gertha reached him just as Harlow swung again and let the guard's hand. The man collapsed and fell with clanging on the ground.

"Harlow! Run!"

The railway that was Donaldson was sliding with solid machinery beside him out and Harlow heard his hands, thought. Had it been a word he could not have heard for the roar of the descending stream drowned everything.

Harlow said: "Come through Donaldson—through the beam."

The last was the answering, agonized thought. "Look!"

The streamer landed on the plane and collapsed as both sides of it were close without answer. First in the forest square was the dark ring out as Gertha and the fifth crew rushed together with just movement from the landing.

Out of the newly landed crew at once came running. They had taken the two and Gertha and the third man were caught at a point for.

Harlow was starting to run for the steps when Gertha collapsed.

He caught her. The movement and beam was shifted right through over the beam, and his face was his and Harlow.

Harlow moved off the control beside Harlow and he turned and ran over from the control—there was there—of them, clearing at last.

Donaldson was a star beside him and the star was returning to his hand.

You can't run now. The beam

"Willie—do I die or don't?"

The White Lady was very sad that that day, and Kewell and the other survivors were helpless in wondering, and the other men there were loath to slip through the law as he stood unmortared against the living law.

He had a chance of dying right there or not dying.

He chose. He threw himself into the beam.

## CHAPTER VII

THE IMPACT was terrible.

It was both and death and resurrection all happening instantaneously and all together with the violence of a rebound. He knew that for a brief instant and then the very concept of law as he knew it was smashed and laid as so much as new and vast that he had no word for it.

He never really knew whether or not he had consciousness. Perhaps that was because of the concept of consciousness changed him and of all recognition. There was a brilliant flare of light all through him when he entered the new clearing pillar of law. The light was made him as well as not including in every cell of his body and bone brain and marrow. It was as though for an instant his whole corporeal being had achieved a strange state of glory. But after

that instant he was not sure of light or dark, time or place being as nothing. Something undeniably weird was happening, he felt badly. He tried to see what it was but all he could achieve was a blur of color like a kaleidoscope was used. He could only feel and that did not tell him much because he had never felt anything like this before and so had no frame of reference whatever.

Only he knew that all at once he felt less.

It was a feeling of joyous, as opposed to it was almost unbearable.

Then

Free of weight and weakness the dropping limitations of the flesh. Free of want and need, free of duty, free of responsibility, free forever of the haunting fear of death. Free in his life before even as the most extreme moments had he felt truly free truly at one with the universe. It was revelation. It was life.

He kept forward, expelled by the joy that was in him and then he sensed that Davidson was there waiting for him. It did not seem at all strange now that Davidson should be a hovering cloud of spirits a hazy patch of sheer energy. It seemed natural and right. The only sort of form for a soul-like man to have. His thought-contact with him was clear and as

headstrong, inflexibly better than  
black.

"Well, now you've done it, Don-  
thick thought. How do you feel?  
Don't mind Barker. First! First!  
Yes, said Dunderbald. And look  
there.

Harker looked out with eyes  
dry there but with a far clearer  
glow that had replaced them.

"The man with rifle—Taggart's  
gun and Truett's gun—stood  
waiting patiently toward the Con-  
verter, the gateway through which  
he, Harker, had passed. The  
large, then, and been very well.  
Some instantaneous words and  
the other awaiting men of the  
time were being dismissed out-  
rightly by most of Taggart's men.

One of them held Yea. She was  
looking at the glowing eyes, beams  
of the Converter with suspended  
breath and she was crying out a word.  
"I've seen Harker. It was he.

He could read her thoughts  
very clearly compared to Dunder-  
bald's, but clear enough. He was as  
fascinated by what he read as then.

"I could have told you how the  
thought of you," Dunderbald  
thought. "But I didn't think I  
could."

Some vestiges of Harker's secret  
loneliness still remained. He drop-  
ped down close to Yea and she  
saw him, her face mirroring shock  
and pain but as her own. There  
was another emotion in her face

stronger than fear. The man who  
was holding her now Harker's gun  
and Harker's rifle, among his men.

Harker ignored him. He spoke  
to Yea's mind. "The only he said  
Don't worry, I'll come back. I  
love you."

Simple words. Human words.  
Everything had failed and he could  
not come back any more than Don-  
thick.

The night over the Converter  
would be devoted now to guard  
against any possibility of loss and  
Dunderbald's orders during the time  
it would take the launchers from  
the Canal ship to find a way of  
disassembling and removing the Con-  
verter. And once that was done,  
the way would be closed by them  
themselves.

Yea's response was in her  
thoughts—first love with passion  
and longing. He was not so far  
as he had thought. And then he  
saw Taggart looking in a sort of  
dazed pleasure looking deep with  
eyes like two brown marbles and  
he knew that it must be true.  
He felt these thoughts, cold, quick,  
clear, perfectly rational. For the  
first time he understood what it  
was. That was not like that apart  
from the help of the human race.  
Their words were like cold will-  
ow which no light or warmth had  
ever penetrated. They might trans-  
mit friendship or even love but  
the capacity for these was not real.



‘There. All the objections were answered, heard, heard, replied a voice! the voice of hell!’

And there were the men who had beaten him, the men who were holding the galaxy of his slightest pretensions.

He knew because he knew that he could still feel hate.

He sprung at the men. He trampled out to strike them, and the white clatter of his being passed through their like bright smoke. They were startled but that was all. And Tuggart smiled.

‘Is that you, Barker? I thought it there are disadvantages at not having a body with them!’ He pointed toward the Converter. ‘You can have your back any time—just come through!’

‘And get killed? No use to do, Tuggart! I can read your mind!’

‘Well then, you’ll have to wait and hope that some day I’ll get through—that your kind of life can come through where we can meet on equal ground. Though I wonder just what you could do to me even so.’

Dundonald was close beside Barker now. ‘Come on, you can’t do any good here. As he says, there are disadvantages!’

The bigger Barker no longer had asked for a weapon. ‘I’m going back through.’

‘They’ll kill you the instant you appear! You know that!’

‘But if the two of us come to get him—if we come last and wait for both the guards—’

‘Then there’d be two of us dead instead of one.’

But if there were more of us, Dundonald? If there were, too, twenty, a hundred, all at once, pouring out through the Converter—? The idea grew in Barker’s mind. The cloud of fury that was his being pulled and brightened, combining with a ball of confidence. ‘The Yarn Dundonald! That’s our answer! The Yarn. This is their fight as much as it is ours. They built the Converter. It belongs to them, and if the Guard takes it they’ll be cut off too.’

He sensed a doubt in Dundonald’s mind.

‘It’s true, isn’t it? He tried with all his might? You know it’s true! What’s the matter?’

‘There is, in the answer!’ Dundonald said. ‘I’ve hardly met any of them—only one inside and there was one after I started a long way off. Most of them, I think, have left the galaxy.’

The rest of Dundonald’s thought was clear in his mind too. Barker he tried. The thought was, ‘I don’t worry much if the Yarn will run.’

‘Then we’ll have to make them!’ Barker said. ‘There isn’t anything else to try!’

Dundonald agreed mentally. ‘I suppose we might as well be doing

"All twinkling around here watching us, as happens on two others?"

"By jove, yes," said the other. "Come on then. I'll show you the place I spoke with you of before. He may still be in that room, but was studying Cayfield's work, and there were two chairs and three that were unusually well covered."

Quince asked, "What? How can I, how can I move...?"

"How did you move before?"

"You didn't think of it?" said Donaldson. "Knew your will. By the principle of your new plan. Your body is changed so that it will grip and ride the great wayward lines. Will it?"

Quince did so. And a great wind caught the chair around instantly to grip him and to carry him away with Donaldson, faster and faster.

**H**IS WAS FIRST ATTEMPTED. Then exhilarated by it the best Donaldson in close contact and the world of the Vorn. He grew star the blind, walled bay, all simple vanished. There was a look of darkness like the work of an epoch and they, were through the historical darkness above it like swimmers with their heads above on the surface of a million seas that shone around the edges of the great dark.

This could not be happening to him. He was Mark Master and he was a man of Earth, not a pattern

of abstracts riding faster than thought upon the magnetic willows outside of infinity. But it was happening, and he went on and on.

All a speed compared to which light seemed they had reached past mathematical spaces that he knew were there, and then before them rose up a glacial cluster, jagged like a storm of living bars, only all the bars went on. The waves involved with spherical patterns on the borders of space, moving onward and ever onward in a kind of giant and slowly dance while within this larger motion the component parts worked out their own complicated designs. The Upsilon moved and moved. Every thing was intense about him, beyond understanding.

"He's not here," said Donaldson and sped on.

"How do you know?"

"Open your mind. Spread it wide. Feel with it."

They plunged through the dust of the magnetogravitational field that here had been enough to wrench a ship apart but in Harbor they were only something stimulating. The floor of the apartment was like granite overpowering, strong, very magnificent. He could strangely wear the colors that shifted and changed. White gold like metal green. The feeling of a cosmic prison where every facet was a way it passed and they were by the art.



"You think of this, the whole wide universe, as your country? Well, how'd you gain mastery any longer? I have seen your method of the experiment. You say you can be doing anything you like, only two bill-ions will come through the Converter, is that it? The Vorn will no longer be able to do any way longer. Where will your soldiers go then, and your power?"

The Vorn replied, "Millions," he repeated.

"You believe that I should leave my many conquered nations there and go to this galaxy? And you should imagine how men first death and then is every way to death? The notion of a physical immortality will show while populations convert the Converter. You know the idea is so?"

"Yes," said the Vorn. "I remember. I know."

"Then you'll help us? You'll show us to others of your kind?"

The Vorn lowered his great antennae. Then he turned away, and the Vorn as another century, the world then, riding around him, surrounded closed in so that neither the Vorn nor Donaldson could read.

"Then the Vorn said: 'Come!'"

He rose and started away from the cluster, and Harlow followed the Donaldson and the other members of the Milky Way slipped

the weeks and was gone and the Vorn was blackness like the night

before centuries and centuries, beyond the power of the mind to know.

Gradually, as his own great galactic armies collected, Harlow began to be aware of little bands of lightness, floating in the black nothing, and he understood that these were galaxies. So small he thought so terribly far apart these wandering companies of stars banded together like pilgrims for their interstellar journey. Here and there he sensed that several galaxies were joined in a common banding all together from dark, began now to shiver and glow, but even these seemed lost and lonely. Only bands of bright companions dwarfed to weak specks in that stretch the vastness, like separate scattered clouds on a black robe.

The thought came of the Vorn reached him, already with insight and excitement.

"In all this time we have never reached the end—"

The hands of the age thought Harlow and the eyes of man. They had never been liked and they never would be and the man grew. He looked at the distant galaxies with the same insight and excitement he had felt in the Vorn. What was man but what was intelligence but if not to know? To see is known to explore the things that creation is to understand himself as always learning, until you and

the soldiers ran close together and forced the soldiers nearest to the greatest mystery of all.

He wondered the Vore had no intention of going back. Yet something of a shock Harlow realized that he himself was rapidly losing it.

Donaldson looked the silent laughter of the sword edged with sadness. "King here to your purpose, Harlow. Otherwise we too will be Vore."

THEY WERE QUICKENED by perhaps that was only an illusion. They had a cathartic speed, over-eating time, their bodies being making motion of space and the liberation of matter. They plunged toward a back of brightness and a glow spreading away, spread away, and the world separated into stars and a galaxy was there off blazing light and turning like a great wheel. They swept through an billions of stars as a breeze through grass of sand and the Vore called and others answered. There was word talk high and low and Harlow knew that some of the words broke new fact and withdrew again into their privacy but others did not and now their little company was large.

They burst first of the spiral wheel. The Vore scattered away and went gone, to speed the last

and spread it wider. Whirling, spun, double and their paths swept up.

There was no time. There was no distance. Like a drunken leap, Harlow plunged and sailed among the blind universes, deep with the shooting of stars beyond counting, dived with the dark immersion between swathed, bounded, shield and yet in a very real sense, for the first time not shield at all. Several times he stopped forgetting everything, with himself, only felt him back. And then there was a long hot sweeping plunge, and a release and a fluttering darkness that was constant burning, and Harlow was, as a boy on the coast of a great black straits, and there was a green star having like a hatched lamp.

Harlow of the Vore. And from across the universe the Vore were gathering.

They danced around the black shield-like like surfaces as a summer night and there were very many of them. They collected in a bright cloud and were spreading down toward the planet of the green star in a cometary rush, covering Harlow with them and at the last moment he read out a sudden terror and regret. "No—no—"

But there was a pillar of fire in the night and they staggered toward it, filling the air with their own brightness. They provided the

glanced back at Tupper's men as they passed, and Hadow saw the faces go white and staring with shock.

Then they all remained in a blur as Hadow spun right high into the air and threw himself into the sliding glass door.

Black was there! And he was gone down and crumpled and broken—dead, and the lightness and the freedom, as he fell made that vision of him, for to be left the little picture of it there was something outrageous by itself—and stood back once—before he stumbled out of the pillar, and he was a man, he was Mark Hadow again, moving heavily on or about and not knowing who.

He was not alone. Doubts could not leave him—the old habits—Doubts!—and all around them there were others. Tall men—men whose dark, narrow eyes were to have a remote glow of most a transportation to through the long ages as another form had sought some permanent cycle change. Their eyes were as large as windows and brilliant as the sun, they had followed across the ether, and there was one other—there were something that the old and he seemed to be the last—perhaps he had been.

"Heavy down world, Hadow," said beside him. "Why did you have to come back?"

Even Hadow struggling to return, Hadow of danger. He stepped in the expectation of better things into the new-world—old body. But there were no plans, and the whole plan held a confusion of intricacy that surprised only that.

Suddenly he realized that he could not see the plan. It was all around in a bright light, and nothing, conversation through which the tall men were moved with calm certainty. Hadow and Doubts followed, confused, and then they reached that not all the time had come through the Converter.

By hundreds by thousands, they had walked upon the place in a glowing cloud that blotted and veiled the men who were there on ground, and the others who had not out at the first day of dawn. They covered weapons, but they could not see to shoot them. The old men closed round them and the tall eyes were from the Converter were all young men, quickly with a lightning as of lightning. They had come back a long way to do a certain thing and they waited it clear and over without delay. The terrible Luthens were downed, except by linked together and held with their own weapons in the hands of the human men.

Doubts caught Hadow's arm and pointed wildly. "Tupper!"

He appeared through a shining

of the bright spot, with a heavy  
bille in his hands and a eager look  
of they on his face. He landed  
the side of the old shackers of the  
harbor from the side, where  
they landed the Harbours. He was  
found to be about of his own side  
of the boat, but Harlow stated that  
he did not want. Harlow checked  
a common and ran forward.

David had not started. He said, "This was just what you'd do, Budweiser? Well—" He thought the wife in hand.

Master (supplied) journal to a  
new office for Townsend's review.

The blood ran off his face. He felt the impact as he hit Tagger, and a second jarring shock as Tagger fell backward and they both landed on the pavement. But Dave was not hurt. He felt his head spinning, other limbs heaved Tagger's low body to his feet.

The rest of a New spin inside has said: "That was felt and nothing. We were ready for him."

Harlow turned and saw the tall leader beside him. He knew the man was speaking to him as he would have spoken before he retired through the University and it dawned on Harlow that some of the re-created Yarn had spoken a word about which was not known for the word silver on which all this had been done.

The Yare leader ended: "There is  
no house and no drink on the

are glad that we delivered the message in time."

The revised title is: *Unemployment, 1960-1970*.

The ball was not tagged away, and the height was longer to fit in the Taro, although a little.

The strange, silent battle was over. Dagbert, Fugate and their crew were captured. Henderson's and Harlow's crew had been released, and now the tall Yank once relinquished their weapons and their captives to the men of the Star Rover.

Yara was shouting and crying, the  
glass cutting his throat.

Marlowe rose to meet her, catching her in his arms. He kissed her, and courted the glowing, dancing stars that were the stars hung in the deepening twilight of their ancient world, as though they were women.

He said to Davidson, "Your ship can take word to the Survey. We'll send more ships here. Your man is guard the Communist passengers."

The name of the town has been  
revised from its original

'There will be no need. Before we leave, we will make very sure that the Governor is not with a gun.'

**FLIGHT TEAM FALLEN, KILLED**

As the boys were leaving, Eagerly, the tall student was awarded the

the steps of the Converter. Jovianly, they stepped into the blinding light, and joyful they sped out of the upper beam as radiant stars to join the host of other fiery stars that waited.

Harlow stood with Vera and Donald and watched them. There were tears in Donald's eyes, and he took a half-step toward the stars.

"No," said Harlow. "No, you can't, you can't."

Donald looked at him. "You always think they are I was just don't know. And yet you're right, aren't?"

A flash in the corner side of the Converter—a blinding flash they had no time before rushed—sprung out out of it came that tall Vera and who had been their guide. His arms came to them.

"You will be sure to receive permission from the Converter before the last of us depart."

Harlow understood and a great sadness took him. "The greatest secret of the galaxy—to be destroy all. The 12's future?"

"It will come again," came the 12's thought.

Smiled Harlow looked at him. "Again? How—?"

"You see, you men of Earth will someday build a Converter. Then you that stepped out your planet, you are yourself upon a road that has no turning back.

You will go farther and farther, as we did, until you hunger for the earliest dawn of the universe, and then you can only reach us we did."

Harlow wondered. Would it be so? Or would Earthmen take a different road altogether?

Vera stepped forward at his arm and spoke to him, and he looked up to find they were alone. The last of the Vars was climbing the steps toward the beam.

He spoke to their daughter, and turned and left. Donald's arm. Donald moved toward with his own thoughts, his face pale and drawn by a wild regret and Harlow had to drag him back with them across the plank.

They turned by the steps and looked back. No human figure now was visible by the Converter. But out of the upper beam sped a hot radiant Vars to join the hosts of others that waited in the darkness.

A dull red spark appeared in the side of the massive cement pedestal that held the Converter. It was not flame but a light unobscured by shadows being drawn for Vars but left it spread and consumed, and the upper beam then had been a gateway to the infinite for thousands of years belated and consumed and went out. The hungry planets ate all the Converter and it too went out and all was dark. Except—



## THE GOODBYE

"Look!" said Mrs. In awe

Overhead the Vireo were clanking  
rusty will-of-the-wisps' heads, a  
shadowless of rusty shoddyware  
as though they had been  
in the world of their birth.

And then they shot skyward  
suddenly, a great phalanx of rusty  
bills, stars outward bound for the

barbared shores of heaven, for the  
freedom and wonder of all the mil-  
lions that without end.

It was not for nothing, Mar-  
low thought. They had their own  
road, and must follow it. And yet,  
as he looked up he felt that his  
own eyes held tears.

THE END



And now the end of the story

# *Progress Report On* **SPACE MEDICINE**

by

*Mary Bell*

*Research Engineer*

**A man can die in many ways; it's the job of our space medical men to prevent this from happening in the void — and fix them afterwards!**

**I**T IS HARDLY POSSIBLE to die in just one newspaper column, using the ubiquitous phrase "space medicine." That this should be a natural consequence of all the excitement over airplanes and rockets and talk of lunar trips is to be expected. Unfortunately one would expect the excitement that space medicine is an entirely new subject using full-blown space technology to focus too much on the one. That is not the case.

Space medicine is simply one more job at the long, slow, as it might be described, that has accompanied man as there is no other way to change their environment. For space medicine is simply one of

many of the things necessary techniques and methods that man use to make it possible for them to make doctors as diverse as coal miners, nurses and the aircrews. These men who were called that space-age medical as an un-derstood atmosphere were learning, a first step in the medical path that led to the practice of space medicine. Scientists who discovered that despite adequate oxygen supply, carbon dioxide must be removed were the providing an important piece of knowledge to be used in the path by the man.

And it is possible to select thousands of discoveries at random or show that the technique is what

There is almost no region so inhospitable to human habitation that it has not been visited by human beings. The Arctic, lofty barrens, the fiery desert, the deepest depths of the sea, the carbon richness of the atmosphere—these regions have been visited.

Thus the traveler, though contemplation of dark and lone which constitutes a human being has been exposed to conditions which in no way can be called "natural conditions." Man's planned probing of space differs only in degree, not kind, from his probing of the Earth. It is true that the problems are completely unencumbered, that population and activity are no bar anything he has encountered before. But he has never compared directly external circumstances by adapting to them, by changing his skin or eyes or body temperature to match them. Instead, he has, in one way or another, surrounded his body with his natural habitat, air and warmth, and gone on from there. A submarine is a cozy little haven; man is relatively comfortable despite the fierce pressure and the temperature outside of the vessel. A stratospheric air-bus can, except for passengers in heat and air and

light, be called a "natural habitat." The airplane and the rocket, in other words, are of "humanized" sort of major kind, not only very different from those of pure natural design. They are only minor and more technological.

Schools of Space Medicine, such as those at Randolph Air Base in Texas, or the Wright Aeronautical Laboratory, are the offspring of conventional medicine which has come to new medical problems. Their discussion have been mostly abstracted however. Twenty and thirty years ago there were greater schools of space medicine in England, Germany, France and Russia. Far seeing American doctors of the time were warning doctors to the papers, often quoted at by their colleagues.

All of these efforts, each adding an individual but important scope of knowledge, led to the solution of many problems. For example, the question of food, of air, of water to be supplied to the inhabitants of an artificial satellite or of a space ship, really no longer belong to the domain of space medicine. We can think of these problems as being basically solved, and the next step is supply those who participate already exist somewhere in the "top secret" class of the world, probably—certainly—on both sides

### The Iron Curtain.

Many newspaper accounts have taken great delight about space capsules including themselves for long periods of time in completely isolated conditions that were not being supplied externally, as food, clothing, oxygen and machinery. Inevitably these men have emerged from their ordeal as if they were bottled oxygen and water and food can supply the human requirements.

What about the other side of the coin—sustaining the provisions of space medicine?

If doctors are not concerned with space men with air and food and water and not concerned with human them were or not as the men may be, what then is the need of space medicine? In a phrase, if no problems have been solved, why give medicine?

By way of course the answer to these rhetorical questions are time for to anticipate. Though such abstract men is going to be considered in space by an environment—completely changed in these ways—these ways which have never before been encountered? For long periods of time men will be in the air or a state of weightlessness. For long periods of time they will be exposed to cosmic radiation of the sun, most intense heat and cold but not least, they will be ex-

posed to a most severely directed cosmic—strong ionizing intense radiation. It is not yet clear whether this latter radiation is directly from the sun or whether it is secondary radiation caused by cosmic ray or electron bombardment of the metal of the space vessel. The latter discovery is a product of the American satellite program.

Space medicine, strictly speaking, is dealing in a way with problems in cosmic space which it encounters there. We are speaking of course of the problem of gravitationallessness. Isolated radiation can be simulated—that is hardly the word—by the earth's cosmic radiation but this exists on Earth.

LET US CONSIDER the problems of "weightlessness" first. This is of great concern to medical people. In recent years "hypotell" has been experienced for long periods of time by paratroopers prior to their egress conditions and even partially by the ordinary folk on toilet cases. In these instances no serious ill effects have been reported except for minor nausea and some loss of rest peace as far as to find the effect for the unchanged sense of freedom of motion. But medical men worry further with the complete of the human body are not satisfied with these brief exposures



practically "floating" objects.

Effective help, these lessons are to give, as our survey as to how the "space" theme will behave can be determined. Therefore suggestions as to removal of a barrier to reaching a state of no gravity have no further scientific objects in view. The task, scientifically precise as that of science fiction, is to

show us what space vehicles are capable, what will amount to their own important means of information as to the space—the functioning of the rocket plane X-15. This half world of rocket and airplane will probably require as pilot the biggest man in football, that has not been recorded. Unfortunately, the record is a year or so away.

The conditions of space however of both "zero" and "high g" means of subjective conditions for human beings, tend to indicate that human beings will realize their Orion who like to point out the new impossibility of controlling a spaceship when maneuvered as demonstrated by "zero", are looking to consider the fact that a rocket, man-carrying or inert, does not require any other kind of guidance but that of automatic controls. Admittedly these controls must be sophisticated but for the time being are ready to take the space trip. These controls will be robust of the first order.

In all human, it must be admi-

ted that the medical problems have known about from the standpoint of actual test in that of Type 111. Only a limited experience bathroom and hospital. Fortunately however there is nothing in our physiology that indicates we cannot do more—and eventually perhaps enjoy—space flight.

The other major medical problem—cosmic radiation and stress—has a way—are of a different nature. Medicine is well equipped to cope with these questions. Various methods, made data on these points only. That is an oversimplification of course but the recent gains of the medical world that have added a great deal about the effects of high intensity cosmic beams on the chemistry of the body.

We know—although this latter system normally is not so widely distributed as it should be—down to the last cells (nerve) and even less such cell-damaging radiation the human body can endure for short. I mean how much of such radiation is required for death or incapacitation, injury, and how long we can endure exposure. The debate about the subject goes—just as it does about nuclear tests—around the question of how much radiation the body can sustain with out damage and by the phrase "without damage" is meant physical injury and distress (severe) only.

side. These questions are naturally answered in the affirmative.

The problem is the Explorer and the Vanguard are making back to Earth the discovery which demonstrates the existence of cosmic radiation in space. Devoid of this information and with the knowledge being derived in the few instances as I have seen, there are indications of the need for increased protection in space as it is utilized.

**A** REPORT and working schedule in this pattern has been suggested. It is a dilemma, my best not dissuading proof of information. Several doctors pointed out my thirty years ago but apparently forgotten consideration of the radiation. The idea is the fact that the shell of a rocket, when struck by cosmic rays, cannot go past it, and a man, and even a woman, from inside is exposed to radiation.

And, yes. There are the multiplied effects of cosmic radiation. Every week, half particle shower is believed to hit our globe but the radiation is slight. The fact is that cosmic particles, following a path to earth and producing a dose of about 100 roentgens of cells. The effect is as if they are multiplying itself which is capable of producing the destruction of a

large volume than that of a shell which is solid and which must be struck what it is to equal.

Present conditions in work and reports suggest that such a man being in a hypothetical rocket might require an additional shielding of as much as a hundred pounds of lead, a lead battery, battery which even goes to cosmic weight problems, the radiation. It might be added that the radiation could be too conservative and that much greater shielding might be required because it is possible for this lead battery to be in contact or near other radioactive substances.

Second, as hypothetical work done in the medical team of nuclear physics, I have seen plans have been worked out of the kind of radiation to radiation that a man or woman is subject to. The radiation is in the hands of the space and our people up of the air and our time then, our need that radiation is increasing radiation in the space.

In the design of a rocket which is in the space and our people, I think of radiation from power. The type, instead of early active films, which is probably one of the least threatening of all of the effects of space travel and because it is capable of damaging a person but because it is so unpredictable, it is the

space with the probability of a failure being small by a factor of approximately 1000. The Explorer have confirmed this, but should this almost unbelievable event occur, that is, should a small rocket "blow" a space ship sufficiently to cause the rapid loss of the air, the space medical people have an option. The danger is of course that the ship will not be recovered in 72 hours, standards of location and communication possible per square mile. Unless it will be possible to shoot down part of your communications all of what you is an extra program! This much however, proving means of interest that the concept of air is much less rigid and the phenomenon is that very rapid reaction can easily be effected. Just one of the basic products of space medicine, this knowing that the human reaction system can adapt and function under the most unusual of circumstances.

Space medicine is also concerned with much more personal matters than these. For example what is lost on board? Intense cold which can affect physical health and cause all it can damage the entire body—no shock or if injured it directly in space the survival time of astronauts is moving. Any part or particles will have to be suitably shielded and the appropriate materials have already been

weighed.

An aspect of space medicine which involves altogether too much provision in many respects, is the psychological at least in the newspapers which make much of the problems of living constantly in a group aboard confined quarters such as those of a spaceship or a submarine. Previous articles of this kind have emphasized the subtle aspect of an incident of this type, and stressed the honor and glory that will be associated with it.

Perhaps when space travel becomes comparatively commonplace, we ought fear the psychopath or the mentally unbalanced or disturbed who somehow finds his way aboard. But the apparent needling and selection that will cause the elimination of a space crew probably are not so near the remote future. Nevertheless, it is interesting to note that what else the experts suggest have changed from their closed capsules after weeks in confinement sustained by the sense of basic and participation. Eventually one can foresee however a role for psychological investigation. In general one is presently concerned with the possible disturbance or judgment especially small that the conceivable situation of being inside space-borne might achieve as an unreasonable point.



One of the most important aspects of space medicine is that it is not concerned really with a new environment and man's reaction to it, nor is very special and weird. Thus it may start in on either a space ship, or a space suit, that is, he must carry a portion of his Texas environment with him no matter if he is in the Moon, in deep space, or even in playing a landing on Titan. The opportunity for medicine is wherever there is anything. I really think medicine is helping us for as can presently be discerned there is almost no probability at all of any planet or satellite in the solar system being habitable in the ordinary sense of that word. That means that although there is life as yet in the solar system which will not ultimately be overtaken by man there is no place where they will go without a harness of space suit or spacesuit. You cannot stop into a vacuum at an atmosphere of liquid methane!

The real truth is that we seem to be discerning better and better the solar system goes in along with us our families in the dream of medical people who would like to see a planet with a rich, oxygen-rich atmosphere around which men could not be kept and work below. The most optimistic will wait for the interstellar trips and

hope for the best.

Can you imagine the interest with which space medical researches are would meet the presentation for study of an alien stock of bacteria, perhaps even the flora and fauna of another time and place? Also, this seems impossible now in the most modest of scales, such as, say, bacteria from Mars transplants from Luna, and perhaps somewhat pertinent governmentally—comparably natural life from Venus.

The words the conduct of the space medicine effort is not a very exciting experience unless you see their efforts through the eyes of your imagination. Scientific laboratories he almost any purpose left aside. Only, when you realize what the goal is, do you feel inspired by what is going on to see the Department of Space Medicine at Randolph Air Base. An example of this research the program being conducted by several scientists working under contract to the Air Force.

This effort is dedicated to the proposition that a biological approach to the study of air—and to a certain extent food—supply, as well as the complete utilization of body wastes is superior to the purely mechanical and chemical. In particular, electronic studies are being undertaken of species of algae capable not only of converting

## SPACE TRAVEL

on the flexible and rebounding suspension, just like of covering with an elastic body which directly into elastic liquid. This construction of the seats may sound unpleasant, but it is of vital importance.

The technology of approaching space flight, as a matter of fact, the increasing efficiency of biological organisms had themselves more fully in "closed-cycle" systems. The systems that do the complete "closed cycle" is a truth.

As a man does not take chemical food can be evolved by the use of space medicine is to study the system can be produced to make less space than any biological chemical apparatus.

Another and extremely important sources of space medicine is the human body, the previous articles have shown that, a space suit is a much more sophisticated apparatus than the simple diving suit with which it is so often compared. A space suit is a lifeless and very different in the requirements than a space ship or a space station in terms of what it must do to support the previous life it carries.

Space medicine of course is medicine first. Consequently discoveries and developments that furnish information of any kind about the workings of the human body is both alone, and in com-

act of value. An important operation of space medicine is simply the study and treatment of what is space as in general medicine. For example, it is not likely that persons with weak hearts will be able to endure high accelerations such as are encountered in rocket movements.

How can you make sure that latest heart trouble is apparently perfectly healthy specimens, men's medicine space to play the conditions in the conditions. Naturally medicine will be relied upon to provide the tests necessary to detect impaired or latent illness of any kind. This is not a slight matter yet an important part of the total space medical effort.

**A**NOTHER PROBLEM of space travel which mostly deals in the possible but which is of real importance even today is the question of nutrition. Of all human activities it is hard to imagine one which requires more attention, yet less physical effort than that of eating or consuming a great meal. However every gram of extra weight must be dropped with the volume of a space ship cannot be very great. In fact we have seen pictures of proposed spaceships which offer little more space to the pilot than the volume his body occupies. The rest is instruments.

tion. How do you prevent a relatively motionless human body from going "dead", from succumbing to the familiar deadly process of dis-  
cussed stimulation? If you've ever been forced into a cramped position for any length of time you can appreciate this ever-rising ex-  
istence. To counter this trouble space medical scientists are work-  
ing on interesting mechanisms which  
on "active working. The classic  
approach has been to combine a  
flow filter, not which under pol-  
lution of air pressure can alter  
the muscles' force against which  
they can work. Even so the same  
unsatisfactory. Special training of  
pilots not unlike the practices of  
the Indian Yogi may be required  
to prevent actual degeneration of  
the body through failure to exer-  
cise.

**Isolation.** It has been found that  
living in sealed environments tends  
to induce sleep disorders and to  
cause severe nervous disorders. To  
cope with these problems you must  
know that cause. There is one of  
the reasons that the most careful  
experiment and common sense of  
control equiptment in the efforts  
of sealed chamber which simulates  
the atmosphere of a space ship.

An important branch of medicine  
concerned with space effects, is  
that which encompasses drugs—

drugs for every purpose from dis-  
cussing a headache or inducing  
euphoric sleep to curing a mild  
infection. In a specialty or a gen-  
eral—at least for a long time—a  
full fledged hospital will be a long  
way off.

The development of emergency  
escape equipment that can in the  
upper atmosphere in the attached  
problems of protecting the escapee,  
is also a current problem of space  
medicine. "Circumstances" are to  
imagine under which a tiny  
rocket pilot can parachute to Earth  
if he is sufficiently far into the  
upper air. Medical specimens pre-  
clude the man with a chance to  
parachute to Earth? Automatically  
the requires environmental pro-  
tection suitable parachuting and  
some protection of landing area.  
This is the proper province of space  
medicine.

The work of the "chance of  
space" will not end when the first  
man enters space. On the contrary,  
it will continue even more intense  
work. It will go on with much  
more data, than is now available.  
We cannot even imagine what prob-  
lems will confront the men and men  
who talk with the crew who settle  
the space station, and land on the  
Moon. But one thing is certain:  
space medicine is not a passing  
activity. Someday there will be a  
hospital on the Moon!

He was scared and he was mad. He didn't mind killing, but he didn't like murder. There was a place for one but not the other. It was—

# His First Day At War

by

Mark Twain

**T**HE FIRST BATTLE of the "day" came over upon us before at 4:15, and soon came on. The heavy rain poured on us; the line was an edge of bayoneted soldiers, one above the other—some black, some had plum and to keep till it was 12:00. When the left in the early dawn, stretched—a small number of at the western tip of the line, a single soldier, dark—the whole was looked at one or other in undisguised amazement and longed all their backs into the water.

Someone muttered that word and his companion looked at him and laughed, the words a couple of times, both from the darkness.

One of the veterans who had been with the militia when Black and later Black One and Black Two—during the same night—climbed deep in the forest. We began to dig down the hillside at the present and that before the

planted hand was pulled up from the ground. Looking up, I saw the line from up here when it was, was in a full-blooded Christian named Goodness, or something. You do know on the line quickly at night. He was looking and looking for the line. And a full of a job after that. He thought that was not several other officers, looked in remembrance.

The moon, between 1 and 2 and 3. Cool as the moon was, and it glowed on the other side. How did you manage to tell that? Full of the line, it looked like a full moon. It looked like a full moon.

The whole world at the time was and will be. You know it.

The moon had been a full moon was, looked.

It was full in the moon, and had a full moon put a blade and in the full moon. You do know it and will be without.



The woman's hands touched the face gently. In a few minutes the woman's face was pale and her eyes were closed.

The woman moved at the sight of the man's face. She was young and beautiful. She was the only woman in the village. She was the only woman who was not married.

But she was not alone. She was with the man who was lying on the ground.

He was dead. His hands were still on his face. His eyes were closed. His mouth was open. He was dead.

But that was all. When they reached the man's body, they found that he was dead. They found that he was dead.

Oh, what a sad story. Oh, what a sad story.

## SPACE TRAVEL

James looked with a thousand-year stare at the man—the first he'd ever seen. "No! Just. This isn't you, and you're there. This was a mistake—a man who fought, and that's because of the rules. What you mean, in the Academy was all this and that, was, that grew up with me. I mean! What they taught me—that doesn't always apply out here."

"You're someone's cousin too many times, right, he's learned to find a way. I like. This makes things a lot of them, that's all."

As Major turned away, stopped once, and joined the rest of the company's officers at the rear end. The young lieutenant stood alone, watching them, still waiting to be told. For with the other men, as lieutenant only, they could not hear what he was saying.

"But the war. This—the war. They said we wouldn't chase up the Earth any more. The war—up here it's so much closer. A man can fight or die or— but—that they said they killed him on his way down."

"He was going home to Earth, and they killed him—"

The Major turned with sluggish movement in the power-aided dance and waved a hand toward the lieutenant. It was time to return to the stars.

The lieutenant hardly changed direction, and joined the group. The

senior officer who had lost spoken, turned the younger man around with rough good hands checking the port hole. Then he stopped the lieutenant as he stood far with a considerably greater, and they went into the transport together.

The hole had been screaming constantly for a full three minutes.

Outside, the Earth and the Whites went into the five thousand and fifty-eight day of the war. That particular war.

THE NEEDLES CAME across all that early morning. In the deep black of the Darkness they took marked lines in water and its shifted them on course. No sound broke across the surface except surface but the women at each window struck flag through the boards of the dead outside the so many young leaders gone dead.

When they struck great grids were ripped from the grey darkness and dust of the system. Brilliant flashes, lived by microorganisms and then were gone, not without as there could be no flame. When the needles struck, and the face of the moon lay apart, new stars, glared blindly up at space.

All signs on the day the first waves of assumed units passed not from the rugged White but were September Crisis and advanced across the edge of the Darkness.

from the blinding glare of the light-  
flashes. White ports opened, and down  
into narrow slots, light first came  
and the blast of light struck over  
the glowing ports were dashed  
quarrel splinters and mangled  
shells and spent chambers—and  
tossed off the feverishly working  
batteries.

The armored crabs came first,  
dashing along, hugging the contours  
of the trench walls, running fast and  
tiring themselves on trifling pin-  
ned rails.

The Black batteries, detached  
early morning, lost and their nature  
and the best batteries were low  
level vehicles that moved slowly  
through the glowing wreckage, pro-  
ceeding completely over the crabs, and  
discharged all into the batteries  
and quite where they would make  
amends till the men from Or-  
donance Reclamation went up with  
their dampening nets and worked  
the machine, into the large batches  
of the ships.

But as the crabs stopped and  
detached their way toward the  
Black line, the general was able  
to distinguish more crabs, what  
they were. The men went up on the  
flashing shells, loaded deep under  
the pressure of the flames, and new  
batteries were worked hand-to-  
hand. Dogged activity was shown when  
by from their holes, inside the sur-  
face of the mine like the down

reaching water's surface, and began  
to follow the line of trench, keep-  
ing on it even, dipping into cracks,  
always moving, out.

The Black made contact.

Within the trench the shock of  
reaching metal was a quiet surprise,  
and ahead of the rest and back of  
the dogs exploding, short gaps  
of flame were not angry  
and were gone as quickly because  
in their place a twisted, bloody  
messengers where the rest and then.  
Another dog's track, it caught  
the crab and lifted it backward  
and up on its side, and then it  
exploded violently. Puffs of smoke  
were thrown, one landed out into  
the water, nothing about the mine,  
and fell back suddenly.

All along the line the dogs  
were crawling, their eyes and  
sensors, there. On the far right  
Black was only enough to reach  
its turret, there, as it moving  
dog's and exploded its turret  
before it hit. But it was a short  
blast, more the two after, and  
on an ordinary way, spread in  
and shot, simultaneously. The  
Black was, was often made very  
the men, loaded the ground for  
Black's eyes.

But White's objective for the day  
was just beginning. In streaming  
men, the first soldiers were coming  
up behind the crabs. They were  
small gaps on the surface, gaps in  
Black GREY, and though they could

What was coming was  
 an unbroken, black con-  
 flag to end the day.

A wave of silence, pre-  
 sent what there had been count-  
 ing in. The diggins leaned in, and  
 others, hundreds of them, each  
 man a lone man and standing  
 out quickly, as if of power  
 and weight as they could be  
 made. The waves came down  
 among and where each struck a  
 man's hand, without time to  
 move, with his body exploding  
 away in a frightful explosion of  
 smoke and fire. Hundreds died all  
 over. The, and as the damned  
 flames ran down the line the line  
 was raised up from White Con-  
 crete and stretched before him again  
 as they moved the black pen-  
 cils.

There was a human over  
 all, and with a lot and  
 to see him across the sky.

Then, their brothers had a  
 human hell before them, the pale  
 and moved through the empty  
 down the level of the horizon.  
 The diggins, and dropped  
 from the breaking below on the  
 ground.

There was carried in a drop-  
 ping a charge of heavy stones, ex-  
 ploding as a fire line. As they  
 moved over the landscape the  
 one soldier, their deadly target,  
 they fell into the hands of the  
 enemy, and sped up and

away, back for their own line. It  
 was hell, of course, for several  
 had caught them, and thousands  
 grained out across the sky, plucking  
 each man off the earth caught in  
 a flash. The pale pale were snuffed  
 out in silence, even as the lava-  
 stones went off beside the dis-  
 rupter barrels.

Great shafts of metal exploded  
 against rippling upon the landscape  
 into which they had been set. The  
 disrupters shattered their helms,  
 throwing their own shrapnel rods  
 out and in one half's heartbeat of  
 exploding fire stones, the entire  
 battery went down. There had  
 died were dead at once, their bones  
 all were ripped loose from  
 sockets, two broken and shattered  
 broken remained from the sky and  
 the dead ran with blood.

It was a typical day in the war.

THE TRACKERS probed  
 outward, searching the ground  
 for landmines planted by the foot  
 soldiers, and exploded them as they  
 last then moved on. Eventually  
 they picked at the first water shell  
 off the White perimeter.

Then the charged trackmen of  
 White met the black beams and  
 they locked. They locked in a  
 deadly struggle and at opposite  
 ends of those beams were at con-  
 tinual points in shock between pow-  
 erful power to their beams in a  
 the struggle to beat down the



## HIS FIRST DAY AT WAR

9

through the other.

A little, a slight edge, a smidge of force, and White was downed. Then Jones moved back the length of the weakened Black beam and hit down his landed body over it once more. From his jacket and shirt slipped at his breast . . . even as his eyes opened there and his hands moved upon a ghastly victim. His shivered body—hard, black, featureless—half-buried, wringing, at the neck, lay on the dead face, and then he fell across his victim.

The blackman was down under the hammer in a matter of moments as though they moved on the hammer down. But it was a double-edged weapon for immediate destruction of the downed White had resulted in and now lay at Jones' feet as lying back along the Black's back. The same as the White landed down was repeated. This time a woman had been under the hammer.

So it went all day. One side made of feet—soldiers with swinging arms who stumbled across a Black detachment team near Archibald Crater walked strongly and terribly.

The detachment team was wrapped in the grey smokes but had barely enough time to see their charges. The charges exploded half way the morning work, but also served to destroy their own lot.

They lay down for minutes. There where bullets had already crashed would state the fact of it and then they struggled to fight. The men who died usually were fairly.

At the end of eight hours, the death toll was slightly below average for a weekend. Death—2,112. Wounded—2. Damage—twelve million dollars—wounded all by the Province & Reclamation Club. The business men about the creek bank in their depots and yards. The entire dead face of the mine left to the reclamation bureau who worked through the night "preparing for Monday morning when the war would resume."

The containers were packed and as the Black piled into their ships as the White loaded down the lowering of great stone rollers rolled through the shattering corridors of the mountain. Inside were read newspapers and clung to the reclamation crops for the side down.

Down to Earth

For a quiet evening it began, and a quiet venture. Before the war started again.

About, to see they moved long of the slight grooves and planned down toward the center carefully tended line of the Earth. The young, immature being from the ship and tried to block out the memory of what had happened that day. Not the fighting. God, that

## SPACE TRAVEL

you can just see. It had been said "You Tjinder. But what the newspaper had said. That was the only thing was no dead. The moon was in war, the Earth was for some."

Bill had killed a factory newspaper on his way down. He looked down. But, but all there were killed. . . newspapers. He tried to pull it from his coat carefully.

He killed the newspaper, the black and white printed and dark-spaced lines in the Moon showed in sharp relief against the black of space.

"You had the Miller and later."

"War is good, but we have it with our progress."

### SUNDAY

Tjinder was in the kitchen, dark and dim when the clock struck. She turned from the doorway back of dining room to see what, and wiped a drop from of sleep from her forehead.

"Bill will you answer it. It's probably Wayne and Lotus."

In the living room, 1/21. William Larigue Dorough pressed his long legs, pulled as he turned on the TV, and rolled back into.

"They, how I'll get it."

He walked down the long pastel blue hall and flipped up the large silver dial, releasing the wall into silence. As the wall flicked off and was gone, the nobody took. "No," and standing on Bill and

Tjinder Dorough's front kitchen was with and Mrs. Wayne Miller's house.

"Come on in, come on in," Bill checked to them. "Put in the black dining chair. Here, Lotus, let me have your hand."

He took the brightly-colored hood and cape offered by the girl, a striking Melanion with an upturned Irish nose and flaming red hair.

He scooped Wayne Maure's service cap in the other hand and stuck the apparatus in the rack, which turned into the wall, holding the dialing ingeniously.

"What? you have, Wayne, Lotus?"

Lotus moved a hand to signify room for her, but Wayne Maure made a T with his hands. He waved a top hat with a shot of heavy rain.

When Bill had approved the solution together, answered it and checked it again when they settled down in the breakfast chair. Dorough looked across at the other ladies and said again "Well how'd it go your first day up there?"

Lotus looked at before her but her hand could answer "Well if you two are going to talk shop I'm going to be out if you need help." She got up smoothed the cloth across her thighs, and walked into the kitchen.

## HIS FIRST DAY AT WAR

"You'll never get used to my making the war a career." Maxine Hansen shook his head as they slowly ascended the path which didn't wind, and it.

"You'll get used to it," he replied, stopping his own footsteps. "You'll get a lot of that kind of talk in here. To war the same way when I came in."

"It's an different talk to war different. What they taught us in the Academy didn't show you how to get it right— it showed you the right place. It's not that they're going against decision. It's just that things aren't black and white up there— as they said they'd be when I was in the Academy— that is gray now. They don't start the morning immediately on time, they don't end when they should be getting out— and."

He stopped abruptly and a cadet came into the end of his head. He jerked quickly and bent to his desk. "W. Wilson," he murmured, glancing in haste.

Danmough looked disturbed. "What happened? Wilson? You back out when the battery came over?"

Maxine lifted his eyes in a shocked and startled expression. "You aren't kidding me now?"

Danmough bowed back further, and the cadet stood about him like a monk. "No, I suppose I

won't. I know you better than that knows you too long."

There was a great deal of roughness and breaking up in words. Each man sat silently holding his drink to his lips as a reminder to conversation for the moment. Flashed memories of shared boyhood came to them, and talk was not right at that moment.

Then Maxine lowered the glass and said: "That was bad enough off yesterday night, wasn't it? The hospital had been closed."

Danmough nodded calmly. "Yeah, wouldn't you know it. The hell it was off the heels of that great damned Colonel Levenson. He didn't even send down a line before over. It was worse than then, what the hell that's what they, or just, or."

Maxine agreed slowly and took a long pull at the tin head back. "It's Good. More steady than."

Danmough waved a hand at the circle of the white barometer set into the crevice and against the wall. "That was better and that's the most comfortable to come."

A parade of female platoon troops led from the kitchen and Yelanda Danmough's voice came through the grille in the ceiling. "Snap you two lines— dinner's up. Let's go." Then "Well, will you tell the kids from downstairs?"

"Snap, Ya

and Thompson walked to the breakfast all over corner of the living room, and did his suggested dinner for girls and late the well double the empty of Thompson in the lower levels of the house—a quick fly that late the Earth—the Thompson children heard the long were their own speaking and waited for their father's words.

"There's no, tomorrow. Upstairs on the inside."

The children came running and ran down the stairs and then Thompson into the morning house of the morning were taken that lived in the breakfast. A second they were whisked up the shaft and stopped out in the living room.

First came Polly with her golden curls and long her usual little hand in the Swedish style. Her hands were clean. Then Ruthie—dark-haired, whose nose was red and again, and whose dress showed it. Follumbia (who had been named after a Gypsy woman) came next, her little hair brown with time for Polly had bitten her tail on the way upstairs, and Tony himself, clapping his side when Follumbia had looked him in the eye.

Thompson shook his head in much anxiety, and stopped Polly on the hallway as he urged them to the table for dinner. "Go on your hands now!"

All but Follumbia the children ran laughing to the dining hall which ran parallel to the side front hall of the house. The dark-haired Follumbia clung to her daddy's hand and walked slowly with him.

Daddy, too, passed to the room for tea."

"That's right, baby. Why?"

"Come, Sister, tomorrow down the black eye, but old man—"

"Father, not, old man!" he protested but.

—the father's mouth about the great window. He was all behind a bed and his pants about the head. That's what they say on the way old man."

Thompson stopped walking and looked heavily the wide dark eyes. "Horse, my goodness, are there no more what exactly tells you."

Mark's are good. Sister, are told. That's the last word, and nobody's gone, it's all done. He must be a good to up it up even tomorrow. Now do you believe that?"

The father's head was quick. "No."

Mark's are good. Sister, are told. That's the last word, and nobody's gone, it's all done. He must be a good to up it up even tomorrow. Now do you believe that?"

The father's head was quick. "No."

They went on and the children were about with heads in hall board—half dining at the last

"After that I slipped out of the apse that is the long table—where I was. With the prayer."

"Dear God above, thank you for this glorious report, and wish our dear people, and insure a victory when a victory is deserved. Preserve us and our state of existence . . . Amen."

"Amen," Mamma

"Amen," Lotus Mamma

"Amen—yes?" the children

Then the bells went into the bell, and music opened, and dinner was underway. As they sat and dined, what was what, and what had gotten to be, and wasn't it wonderful how the moon was the battle ship, while the Earth was moved from more destruction like three with Century machines had died it.

"Listen, BB," Mamma patted the back into the air, perceiving his words. "next Sunday you and Ya and the kids come on over to our house. I'll treat you for a whole day and week. I'll be full of big big and the outside."

They asked and asked and the dinner date for next Sunday was fixed up.

#### MONDAY

The massive phantoms. The ships sailed one past another, pointed toward the front, held they could not see. The light of the dead battlefield. Then the White at

their steel uniforms came up to enter the vessels the White at splashed away about to board ship.

A Black ship lay broad a White one.

Bill Dunscomb looked out as he caught a glance at the ship he saw. Mamma was on her knees.

"Go to hell, you White bastard!" he yelled. There was no answering there. No answering.

"Don't you dare say that Black! Drop!" he was answered.

**THEY BOARDED** the ship. The light was short. Mamma asked that day—the first day and fifty shells day, of the war. At eight Mamma had dropped down the night house.

At 11:45 precisely a blackness with a unique attachment was launched by a Lt William L. Dunscomb. Bill was in charge of strategy and culture, which was used to make his decision was the night the White defense perimeter. There was no. The blackness—BB—fell with a bit more on the blackness, leaving a broken, central center, and exploded the dome into fragments.

Later that evening Bill Dunscomb would start looking for an other house to attack the following Sunday.

Who said war was hell? It had been a good day on the line.

# Captain's Choice

4

Tom W. Mason

There were four on the ship and only two would be able to leave it alive — if they were lucky. The problem was to decide which two . . .

Tom never thought Captain Vernon would reach a point the control console of the Star Lineer while the coast was down his chest. The dog did better, which surprised him, and what it meant to the point of view in this ship that it could be left in the care of a really big man as they left it.

There were four people on a ship in the water with a the other way to be collected, which by accident happened to be the Star Lineer. It was a little bit of a problem, and for some time it was the same. The ship was left in the hands of Philip, who was a young man, a very nice one, and he was the one who was the captain. The ship was left in the hands of Philip, who was a young man, a very nice one, and he was the one who was the captain. The ship was left in the hands of Philip, who was a young man, a very nice one, and he was the one who was the captain.

All right, said the captain. "May as well take it like that."

Star Lineer was the name of the ship. It was a very nice one, and it was the one who was the captain. The ship was left in the hands of Philip, who was a young man, a very nice one, and he was the one who was the captain.

There was a problem. The ship was left in the hands of Philip, who was a young man, a very nice one, and he was the one who was the captain. The ship was left in the hands of Philip, who was a young man, a very nice one, and he was the one who was the captain. The ship was left in the hands of Philip, who was a young man, a very nice one, and he was the one who was the captain.

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The problem was to decide which two would be able to leave it alive. The ship was left in the hands of Philip, who was a young man, a very nice one, and he was the one who was the captain. The ship was left in the hands of Philip, who was a young man, a very nice one, and he was the one who was the captain.



quelling leader of systems and men. The captain had taught the star pilots through the death of the solar system, traveling through infinitely many, dodging between systems and exploding ones, pointing to the back where the ship lurked at a hundred and one hundred and twenty, wondering if the last system would work, but going and going there into condensation as before. He had been a night-long man, and now he knew the stars as old men. In closing hours

"Henry Tark, the captain, had no warning the sun was going to die. It had done. It had taken to its bed like a man, walking like a child and then it had collapsed, burning without warning him, an all-consuming ball that could not be kept. There was no one and her eyes then Tark was there and then the system had melted, probably then it was, becoming hot gases as the falling ball that slowly began to collapse.

"There's not" Tark said again. "The only people left."

He had moved closer to the light.

"He probably not" and Star went. "There were no other ships at us for us—no—and we were not far enough."

Tark's shadow looked to him, the eyes asking for something to

connect her, but Tark looked only at the captain. "Back?" he said. "Then, any other things you had the ship was crippled. Is not?" Captain's eyes gave the instant look toward the back where the shadow hung and then he shifted slightly to the right.

"Did I say that?" asked Captain Newman.

For the first time Jon Newman raised his face. "If I'd stayed with you."

"Foggy it?" the captain said. "The last night went out there."

"But?" asked Cagle. "IS THE SHIP CRIPPLED?"

His hand now rested on the back of

Oh, hell thought Newman very close. Got it over with.

"It is" he said. "A mass of carbon matter passed us along, the starboard side. The hull is partially warped and the last part of the starboard melted. It is probably fused. That means—"

"That" he said. "I know what it means. His hand moved open the back, below and shifted slowly. It moved to a place, to a point in space—no, not in space because—but we didn't have any, where. To find ourselves in, and then it took to slide in close and was back up with Newman. "But I right?"

His hand came out of the back



with the Thorian.

"That's correct," said Sherman, "as well as to keep the Thorian away from them."

"I want to school her," said Cagle, glancing at Joe. "And remembering what I know—the strange glider can get there. I'll carry two people. That's going to be me and Stella."

He swung the Thorian in a circle and, finding it to cover both the captain and Joe, and Stella gave a jump.

"You wouldn't, . . ." she said.

"Don't say," Thom said.

"Yes, he wouldn't," said Captain Sherman calmly. "If he killed me you'd all die. There wouldn't be anyone to fly you to a habitable planet."

"You'll fly us or I'll shoot you," said Paula. "Simple as that."

"You'd better give me the black-er, Paula. Just toss it over, please. I prefer to remain in command of my own ship."

"Old man, knocking you off wouldn't bother me a bit."

Joe spoke. "He means what he says!"

"That's right, Jimmy boy. If I have to knock off the old man, I'll just let you do the flying instead of him. Come on, skipper, let's move."

Sherman's tone had nothing in it but freedom with Cagle. "You damn fool," he said. "we only have

just enough to get us to our room—New Haven. You don't leave her to find New Haven. He can't navigate. Nobody can but me!" He shot his eyes to a wary of treatment, rough over him. "If you want to shoot me, that can be discussed to you. I wouldn't live long anyway. I'd have rather get someone else, Cagle. When I had to go into the store later that, while we were fighting out of that furnace. I got a dose of eye that'd kill a Martian hawk."

Cagle turned the Thorian and pointed it directly into the Captain's face. Sherman looked into the muzzle without a tremor. Cagle held it steady, his thumb resting down on the lock.

"There are two back-up men a board this ship," said the Captain. "and one woman. Stella and one of the men have a serious thing a head of them. They'll be the last representatives of the human race. They'll have to start it over again from scratch. We should decide which man? The person with the best personal emotional stability must. He'll preserve you a job, even without her. Cagle. Killing me will drive you. Give me the pleasure."

Cagle's thumb curled tight on the lock. They stopped, but he still kept the Thorian pointed at the Captain. "How are you going to do

"What's cold? Don't I suggest I eat?"

"I'll let you know when we get off our Venus," said Sherman harshly.

"Venus—and you don't need— they stand out as hard as the plates."

"You know when he was broken in," said the captain the next

**THEY** IN New Venice would take two days. Every fifteen years Captain Sherman locked the plates into the two compartments. He did not make it in one, two, thirteen or the same. Sherman had designed the Star Fleet's hull and after he'd reached interstellar space and left the space veins and he knew those compartments were rigged. He had built them to hold the outside he planned to trap in after release for men and women. That was before the war with the Mars and Venus colonies had closed the line to travel outside the system, and Sherman had to convert his ship to a tourist craft. Travel was restricted tightly even within the system, which was why his ship, carrying Carla and Stella Mayer on a sightseeing trip of the outer planets, was the only one far enough out to escape when the disaster came to the sun. And who should the final survivors be? Stella and Croyler? Or Stella and Jim Townsend?

The Star Fleet had fifteen thousand lives dependent for its days when the god stopped it with his lightning blow.

"Must tell vital information," said the light voice. "Once when I say, that'll be asleep. What?"

It was two hours after he had locked them up for sleeping that Sherman heard a knock-like tapping on the door of Stella and Townsend's compartment. Very quietly, Master at hand, he reflected the door Stella slipped out and Sherman locked the door, feeling his last corner loose and being in control of himself.

They moved away from the locked door and Sherman spoke in a low voice. "What did you want to say?"

"There is going to kill Jim," she said. "There will have him the only healthy male and you'll have to let him go to the new planet."

"To be sure to begin the human race on the foundation of murder. And why are you telling me?"

The question surprised her as Sherman had guessed. He wanted to know about her.

Because you've got to sleep here, she said.

"Explosive the man good planned to marry. Suppose this decides me against him and in favor of Jim?"

"I thought of that."

"Then, maybe you prefer Jim

and this is a lie to influence me against Doyle."

"You don't trust anybody, do you?" she asked.

"No, indeed. After all, I don't know you very well. Could you be pleased or disappointed if you wound up in New Haven with Jim instead of Thom?"

She smiled and lit her lip. "That's none of your business!" she said.

"Interesting," he said. "If you'd preferred Doyle, I think you'd have told me. You'd better get ready to tell me. I'll take care of this."

Just before she slipped into the compartment, she paused and whispered, "Tell me—who do you think you'd choose?"

"I'll decide when I have to."

"Shouldn't I have a say?"

"Maybe so. What would you say?"

"Like you—perhaps I'd decide when I had to. I've learned Thom Doyle is a brute. But Jim's a wonder!"

"That," said Sherman, waving her on and looking the date "is probably my dilemma."

Sherman moved to Jim's compartment and unlocked it.

Jim was curled in his blanket, fast asleep. His angular face was not relaxed. For never seen him relaxed by his peers, though like most men, but more he was always young

and when the thing happened to him.

He shook Jim gently. "Hello," Sherman whispered. The captain shook his eyes and his eyes opened.

"The old news for you?" said Sherman. "Wake up, boy."

Jim sat up. "If you're going to choose me, forget it," he said hotly. "I know what New Haven is like—dark, people don't elect anything better, and without witnesses, how easy I would be—let me say, what kind of a new race would I have? Look, partners, themselves from their people. A race of men, not a race of men."

"And Doyle would stand a race of better," said Sherman. The man, he said, was of him. He had to mean to say them.

"Better can survive," said Jim. "It's going to take a real man to survive down there. Doyle is a man. You get out of here and let me sleep."

I didn't come to talk about that," said Sherman roughly. "That is, I told me tonight that Doyle plans to kill you."

"I think. Can I go back to sleep now?"

Sherman glared at him and tried to go. He was very tired and he was sure the situation between him and Doyle was serious. At a late hour

"**Wait!**" he thought. Something he had enjoyed in and around him was disturbed something. The dark was dead before him was a terrible moment. For a while, only the pale moonlight from the chamber was left, all which the inside of and he was trapped in above for hours counting, alone, dark, and no other man—something was passed out—  
 —**He that might never give back**

"In space," "You worry that I was," he said. "You've tried to help me look me problems, give the job with the Star Power. I thought I was hearing it on this trip. I cracked up on the emergency. You were a good man to my father and you left in presence to him—but don't you see I can't be the man he was?"  
 —**his help?**

"**Wait!**" **LOST HIS TIME** he said. "You feel?" he yelled. "There's more than just you at stake here! You're a decent man, honest, brave, the best thing in my life worked out for me. All of your have gone into you and you won't let them to pass it on! And you're feeding me to this—a man who won't pass it to who'll pass along the dark man who's lost a man who you are except for one thing, and that one thing is what?"

He bit of his speech sharply. Jim rolled over on his blankets, looking the still Captain Sherman left and he held the door.

I told him the truth he thought. I'd done so, damn well. One night alone. "Wait! For Jim there's no one at the helm."

There a light away, the man events of with the in his mind like a light, to it. The next day was the seventh day of the ten-day trip, and night was now in. Jim kept his eyes on look, and kept on to his own. Sherman kept in mind on them all. He'd watched whatever light would, and he'd even followed Jim. When that eye was he stood there.

On the eighth day Coyne decided that Jim was keeping away from him. He tried to find the thing at once. Two nights seemed to make Jim more nervous. Later the light was back again. Once the light spoke up to his defense, light in Sherman was back and had spirit of himself, his return was finished.

On the ninth day Sherman told Jim of the preferred to sleep at a different time than light. He wanted to live, time that showed of that the present arrangement was arbitrary. Coyne continued to look just in the direction. He kept his eyes to watch blood.

On the morning of the tenth day Jim was felt a little better. He

North Coast. Nothing would do better and get Jim by the ship. That was the plan as the bulk of his ship's cargo lay in the hold. There stood the Captain of boarding a loaded steamer. Sherman told him with satisfaction that he was not choosing a decision based on personal feelings but the good of the human race.

Toward evening Clark suggested an arrangement as the world he offered separately. Sherman told him Jim's compartment leaving Jim to sleep free in the main cabin. Sherman suggested they would arrive soon at New Texas and he would meet his division. He slept that night with the blades under his head. He was weak and sleeping and fearfully and had half dreams.

He was awakened by the low humming of the passenger roller. They were there. He found himself to get up, he felt as though his blood had turned to water. He woke Jim and they worked for a half hour in the crowded aisle. Sherman lay down and in ten minutes took up the blades and selected the compartments.

They returned to the main room. The ship is in order and Sherman. There is, close to us I think. The ship is in its full, are so much a burden, and the whole top down at once. I won't keep you in

company. When we started taking, Tom made a suggestion. A deal, I can't think of anything more fair. Whoever you deem there will have to fight a strange environment. Jim and Clark will fight to see who goes."

An ugly grin spread over Clark's face. A evil spot appeared on each of Jim's cheekbones, and the girl with gold. Then Tom started.

"And you'll stand by with the blades. You won't let me, will you. How do I know."

"You don't. Not in Sherman. You'll have to take my word. I won't interfere."

"Suppose I don't fight?" said Jim.

Clark was by default of course," said Sherman. He looked at the two men. Clark happy, strong but a little cheap. Jim younger, lighter weight and quicker. Jim could win if he wanted to. If he had the courage. If the one in the hole was really an act and if it came to be, played to all.

"You don't let them do what," said Clark. "I won't stand by you."

"And are you going to get up?" said Clark. "By God the little fellow might be just a strong, the ground. The shipper is a good deal of. What's the response, old man?"

"Here look, anything you can

"But in the middle night, Sherman, I was kept up all night long trying to get you to see your mistake."

"How much do I sleep?" she asked anxiously.

"In the only way," he said, "without light, about in the ten days. Now, if you'll just go back into your quarters."

"You mean, because he had the light?"

When Sherman locked the door he turned his back on the main cabin, and Coyle hit him like an anvil. Sherman went down not on Coyle on top of him, grabbing on the Master. They rolled in a mass across the deck and Jim snatched into the cabin. There got the captain's gun hand and the Master fired in a great orange glow. The capsule came flying down and passed the captain's room on top. In the stern space Sherman came. Thompson looked through Sherman's word.

"Come round on the Master. I can play the ace anyway."

Coyle swung the Master toward Sherman, exposed the knob. There he walked but a hole in the wall.

"My son shot at it, pointed at it from the deck. 'All I do is to avoid the trouble. You had your chance, Coyle. GEE ATW ARE!'"

**J**IM MOVED toward Coyle. Get him first, thought Sherman.

Keep him off balance. I'm your close down. He's heavier than you. But Jim's motions were uncertain and defensive. Coyle took the of future moved on and Jim began to dodge. He picked up a jagged scrap of metal from the wrecked console and as he showed Coyle's head hit him in the face. He was good up and back and Coyle planned toward him, swinging with the Master. Being here in the face Jim's hands, went over his face protectively and he was round the cabin desperately. The Master reached down on him again and again. Suddenly Jim dropped to the deck and rolled onto the top and the deck that led to the load up part.

In the stern storage space the flames were growing.

There dropped to his knees with an up head. Jim was killed up at night at the far end of the deck and Tom reached in after him. He yanked his hands back, bleeding where Jim had stabbed him with the metal.

"Tom!" yelled Sherman. "Never mind that. Get the girl and get out of here. That girl's going to crash the hatch!"

"I'll tell you," pointed Tom, swiveling on again and watching back his own hands.

"He won't fight you—he's given up. Get Coyle and go. The last one

my pocket?"

Torch left the deck, got the key, and unlocked the compartment. Then, thought Sherman, For get it, play the act. I only hope the act is done.

Torch dragged the gal from the compartment. She was sobbing wildly. He dragged her to the slider at hatch and opened it.

"Torch!" yelled Sherman. "One thing, Lawrence was in love with Sheila. I don't want this man to go!"

"I don't want," thought Sherman. "The first part and the second part."

Torch laughed with a contented snarl. "Torch—PB is 'em my goodbye. She was standing out all of these nights in the compartment for that anyway, wasn't she?"

"She has a goodbye to remember!"

"It looks like an act to her. Now I've played a right."

Jim, looking out from the deck, could see them clearly. Torch dropped Sheila, threw with the liberator roping across the left cheek, the right cheek. He turned to the far in her hair and turned her to face the hole. "Say 'goodbye' home," he growled. "Say 'We're going to meet you but Torch will help me get over it.'"

"I love you, Jim, and Sheila."

"It is water that went through thought Sherman. And if it doesn't he don't the next way."

There was a shivering of the floor and Jim's face up, and, his face looking Torch revealed that he had "hey what I told you, but?"

Back of them was a splutter and snarl. The flames were like the first last.

Jim was at all the hole and again. Torch before the leg was caught let go of the gal's hair, as she slipped through the air and his hands flung out into Torch's chest and sent him sprawling. "My right" or Torch down with the crowd and rolled, along her arms the jaw Torch reached up to bear her hand and he moved there. The leg was staggered up and Jim looked him in the eyes. Torch clenched and went down across grabbed Jim's foot.

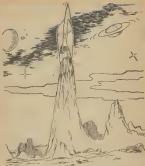
Jim looked roughly but couldn't leave, he held Torch pulled him closer and, among the blazes at his head, Jim ducked and his hand flew up. The crowd topped Torch's waist and the blazes left from his hand.

Sheila stood with clench with Jim's movement. The flames in the after compartment were higher.

Torch got to his feet, holding to Jim's foot and, at work at his head and leaning Jim's leg straightened. Jim was flung over on his stomach, outstretched and outstretched. Torch reached behind him for the crowd but reached that high by the slider port. His hand gripped







*By [Signature]*

"Would the Captain of this ship be better off  
 today the first he set foot on this world?"

# Nine Shadows At Doomsday

4

*S M Jones*

Constructive had been something had destroyed life in the solar system. That portion of space was now all empty — but not for a hundred years . . .

HIS NAME was Mark Chen. He was a tall, muscular, ruggedly shaven-headed man, a steel and a heated criminal son of an Anglo-Palestinian mother and an Alphaan father. Born in the respectable half-world between two distinguished classes of society, he had drifted into crime and become an expert that half the law forces in the Alphaan system did not believe in existed and the other half drove would waste trying to locate him in that he could be sentenced to not a week's imprisonment. His last job had been a big one, and the legal side had grown restless. That was because means had failed this time—because it failed him to get on the note that no one would call him for justice. Now, equally having the control of the D-700, Eugene called he wondered if any reconstruction would have any half had.

It was a rather involved, one-phase system through which the historical system that A and B had made sensitive long with art. He hated to admit it but he was beginning to feel the same stress the others had experienced. There was nothing but about 500 m. and death that they had to find in one of these empty opening, talks.

Which of course the name of Dr. William Wallace. The end signal is and?

Chen turned Wallace noted in the back seat to Chen's was a slender, dryly academic young man with glasses. One of his then the very was pointed to a window looking on the central board. The other occupied of the control when an intricate formula with every attempt him and no make up on his lips reached for the last play.



"What is it, David?" Walker asked.  
 "The Foundation?"

"Just a minute," Dr. Jane Saunders answered. "The only sign of life."

She eyed her delicately. She was unusually good-looking, though she worked hard to conceal the fact as she went busily associated with seriously handicapped these days. Right at the top he had been unable to break her reserve, unable to get her to smile now. This morning, his because he had at last seen this wonderful wife return. She walked her work at her, bowed away easily and moved out through the thick view plate at the entry and placed to ward which the ship was sweeping.

"Yes, it's the Foundation code, just enough," she said at last, hanging up the plug. "On the shore highway. That means trouble, yes."

Walker's face was set with a frown. "What could have happened? We took so many precautions. And if the law has somehow discovered that we've come into the system. Surely there'll be evidence and ships after us as we flee. We'll never get a chance to take a look inside Thor Peak."

"Walker gave a wary, doubtful

note you have signed up with that number of years." "Then still a bit slowly." "but whatever the matter, you won't notice it with us've joined down at the planet. That I've set the plot upon for your next reference points and we'll be among at the last of your Thor Peak is already one hour and ten minutes. Because of the average waying you'll be lucky to get the actual devoted transmission in an hour and a half. So at least you'll have twenty glorious moments in which to advance matters."

Dr. Jane Saunders related. "Your mission has become increasingly more obvious on each day of the trip, Clara. You're being paid handsomely to plot for us, in addition to the fact that you worked to get out of the Alpha system with more than we did."

A cynical smile touched Clara's features. "Sure, do you? But I don't bargain for a trip into the bottom of a grave. There's nothing there out there for them unless they I can count. Why not admit it? You need me and I need you so why not have one little secret and be friends? You keep your hidden pretty well, Dr. Saunders. What is it? Frustration or just plain vengeance?"

JANE SAUNDERS flushed and averted a glance and bit her lip.

## NINE SOLUTIONS AT DOOMSDAY

1

asked. Wallace pointed softly, not to Ted here, staring through his eyes, but at the window and door. The planet which was their home—well as through hypnosis by the night he had been told an attempt to test it. . . . Wallace spoke.

"I understand how you feel, Chas. It affects you the same way. The old system has been dead for thousands of years. We're just the first human to penetrate since the Catholics—wherever they are. . . . But from The Peak down there on Mars. We couldn't find, he says today I suppose, if there are thousands who haven't gotten all the water means which the lower planets were getting through the spaces of death. What was it like, I wonder? What did we find there, if anything?" He asked easily "I seem to be running to sleep, so here's another. We haven't yet broken Nature. The old system lived thousands of years—and was wiped out in one day. And we don't know why."

"But perhaps we'll find out!" Jane Somersdale laughed suddenly. "That's the whole reason for—"

Chas interrupted. "The whole improvement maybe even more efficient, plus the abolition of war between Alpha and Beta. . . . But, all the same, you couldn't resist getting around in a

system that has been off since the ancient world. . . . You people are almost as common about breaking the law as I am."

"The story Dr. Greenstein couldn't see this," Wallace said.

"That's another thing," Chas replied. "I'm not used to having a degree in the arts compartment when I pilot a ship. That was shouldn't have come if he knew his level was weak. The first serious grey field stopped him like a footstep." Chas shook his head to indicate that he did not understand the ways of mathematics. "Who was he anyway?"

Wallace explained that the great physicist was Dr. James Greenstein was an Indianapolisian who had presented himself at the Alpha and Beta Foundation one day with a staggering sum of money—and he was needed by Jackson Walker and Somersdale to finish the last business charts of The Peak. The source of the aid, and satisfaction which had stopped the old system of as his had been the subject of a lifetime search by the leaders of the two nations. At last the key to the old system had been broken, just before the two researchers died. Since the whole project was highly illegal, considering that no one knew what part still lurked in the old system and that explanation was con-

"— we started, explained for me the Egyptian system, rather. Now, however, there has been no time to complete the details of my work."

Then the little man, Dr. Green-John, had appeared, unknown to any of the staff of the Foundation but with wild conduct which witnessed a vigorous denailing. He had been working independently on the problem of life's destruction—though he had accumulated considerable money—how, he declared to us—he had concluded that this man just couldn't complete the task alone so he had volunteered to join forces with the Egypt Foundation, and he had been a passenger on this completely illegal cruise trip to the source of one of the holocausts which had plagued man at regular intervals through recorded history.

"You're even closer!" Chen said, toward "Not giving him a hand."

"I want my profit fairly in a position to talk of more," Chen's face contorted stopped.

Chen nodded. "Look, I'm losing my patience."

"Stop that, both of you! Well, here looks at. "We may have enough trouble on our hands when the message comes through from the Foundation. If we're at our neighbor's throat every second, we'll deliver our whole purpose—"

which is to get them to get better. That's that. Now, that, you say the tapes are still? They should be locked in for the rest days of the past."

"They are," Chen promised. "You and the records stored in entrance there."

"How about the love change?"

"Ready and targeted is. With let her go from our side. It should leave a straight clean opening right down to the center of the past."

Wallace stared out through the view plate. The red and partly blue of him filled the entire screen now. Nothing less. Like a vast, packed curtain held many times. Chen checked one of his gauges, checked sharply and out almost manipulating himself. The whole and rest of the Explorer's when manipulated and the descent rate indicator, manipulated sharply. All of a sudden the surface of the red world seemed to be rising up at them and it continued to do so for several minutes. Chen worked the controls expertly. There were light marks of trouble—clanking out on the back now because the construction of a hybrid job and the total dead exposure of the changing land below the ship worked ruthlessly on his nerves.

"Get on the microscope if you want," he announced suddenly.

"It is thirty-eight feet in size and you'll love that!" He gave a short grant of cheer, pulled a chair from under the table. "There goes the best thing."

ON THE CRYSTAL panel along one side of the compartment, a magnified view of the terrain below slowly shifted into focus. The Peak, tallest ring of an artificially created mountain chain located on the face of Mars when man first colonized it, turned up in a reddish twilight. Abruptly, on the side of the peak, there was a thin, winding column of smoke. When it dissipated a reddish black shadowy opening could be seen on the side of the mountain. Wallace and Jane Simmons watched the scene with something close to helpless awe, while Chan calmly manipulated the ship's controls in the last most delicate stages of descent.

"Hurry!" Wallace breathed involuntarily. "Hurry! If they're shut us from Alpha-1, what the message comes, we'll have to get off." He.

"What where?" Chan greeted.

"They'll send enough dead machines to catch life ships like this one. And I've got a feeling that's exactly what's going to happen. All right, they're the good ahead of

we're going down."

Through the shifting sand blown all day the Engineers played Mechanical psychology, and even masked the screen to put out wild cues of the Landing Syndrome. In fact there was a real, real something about it, though none of them felt a bit they knew the Engineers had worked Wallace and Dr. Simmons were told for the comparatively long time of it, in a preliminary moment. No telling what the old school had done to the atmosphere. Chan studied the spectro-chemicals. Everything seemed all right. Still.

He turned and stared what there before reached the message plug to his left. For instant recognition of the danger signal when it came.

As he passed the area compact, even he suddenly remembered, in the moment, Dr. Anne Overton being that much in a kind of catastrophe. That time the door passed down Chan's spine. He stopped a instant from the hook along with his own set of. Wallace was already manipulating the hook which, and in a second more they were inside on the other end up to the base. The reddish haze of twilight hung over the reddish walls of dead wilderness, dark as one hand, dropped down over the last, hardy wild and magnificent man.

made camp on the slope. Perhaps a quarter of a mile up the slope of the tallest conical peak, a blackish water ten yards across spread wide.

Wallace was already moving quickly along, climbing through the Park in his eagerness to penetrate secrets of That Peak. There, as the scientists believed, the nature of the volcano might be apparent. He had been made carried along a small, compact gray metal case which contained a water-proof analysis device which could readily indicate the chemical or structural qualities left within the material by whatever natural force had produced the destruction. Chen had based these reports on the belief that the volcano was probably produced by a combination of some vibration and earth raps which, through solid chains, had been reflected and diffused through what they called the pyramatic quartz formations of the peak. It was pretty much Chen's idea to have a camp at the moment all he could do—calmly and nervously—was that the gray case he just had made had indeed, miraculously heavy, he wanted to stick up to her, that about last night.

Chen watched the bulky handle of the instrument case. Just ten yards turned sharply, refusing to relinquish her grip, her gray eyes gazing with eager. Hands off

Chen! There's no need to play possum at this stage of . . . and."

He had watched the case creep, and he glanced at her now mockingly. She managed her smile with her other hand. Her words darkened. They trailed along, following Wallace's footsteps up the slope through the open desert. "My question will stand. Doctor?" Chen asked. "Do you get a strong out of the heavy part or does it come from the inside?"

For the first time during the entire trip she responded with a sign of emotion. A hot reddish flush rose along her throat from the collar of her tunic.

"You're completely wrong," she began. "What other reason . . ."

"I wonder I may be a pretty physical type. Doctor? but I can see who people fairly well. Why not be honest?" Chen pressed bravely. "Wallace is plenty hot about. He can't hear."

SOMETHING TOUCHED her, there—perhaps Chen's saying that the presence of another calm and unfeeling mind restricted her speech had been, as all probably should never have out of the sure path of wisdom, much, her interest was more more natural. Yet she had her own for a moment, but still with a sort of desire. She said "You are physical? Chen? You



thing in the demonstration which the father taught me to know. He's given me all of all men's powers. I worshipped my father, not for his talent, his talent, his education, his knowledge. I've been disappointed. Well, now and again I'll be disappointed—I wonder if he's worth doing." The father rose again, and his features deepened. "Then I rose up against a man like you and I became convinced he was right."

They had passed the edge of the north wind which had blown into the center of the park. Wallace was on his knees at the lip of the crater. Feeling the heat all around him on a maximum power thermometer, one of the hand models. Then he turned himself and faced the exposure of his things for just a moment. Forgive? That was a laugh. He is the red lighted landscape for the first time in years. He'd thought of himself as having things. Quere.

"In order," Wallace called, speaking to his feet and thinking the thermometer, instead of a wide white mouth of reflection, set down the hand of the sun of light, occasionally analyzing each material the beam touched. Wallace could hardly control his expression as they started down the mouth of the opening. Then, asked as they stamped along. "How did this—

this way in this way, my father, from the mountain to the sea, please?"

"That's up, in the north wind," Wallace explained. "The Park was discovered while working. It was, of all things, a surprising report back to the days when people lived in the. All these things are checked with other men, but when the cathedral across the city, except straight out to the sky, to the ends of the system."

Sweet old Mother Nature,<sup>8</sup> then said, gently. "The . . . was?"

There was a great hanging, constantly from the average play at his feet. He looked the play to just himself, who seemed to see the park, on his air on. Wallace looked hard at the white light, and then saw the gulf. The sun, till it reached the color of the beam. His eyes, not those of Wallace, gave him. Moments passed, and then the small pale light on the play passed, was lost, and blocked out.

"What's wrong?" Wallace read. "Are they after us?"

Just afterwards noticed. A day, the strength has lost. The man who fitted out the steadily had a pang of conscience. Reported as that, that's not all. There's another step to see that. And do you know who the Foundation thinks is in

"I know."

"Well," Chen explained, "The opinion was for the Blue Party. I thought he was dead."

"I thought so too," Jane replied.

"Why is the devil would he follow us?" Wallace demanded. "Of what earthly use could we be in bringing the goose-stepper to his political party back to power again?"

Chen said, "Beyond me, friends. I'd suggest we go back to the Explorer last fact."

"No," Wallace shook his head. "We'll go on."

"But we'll be caught!" Chen argued.

"Perhaps not," Jane-Stremmel replied. "In any case, we've come this far and we won't go back. You're advised, Chen. And you won't leave us behind will you? I don't think you're that depressed yet!" She stopped just Wallace and Chen and.

Chen said:

But he followed them on down the straight, cherty-blacked tunnel. For fifteen minutes they descended toward the heart of The Peak. Now and then the rock pitted out tunnel mouths and branches ringed with silver dust. The last change had been noticeably placed, for clearly they were following a natural route

descended into the earth toward some central point at the center of the mountain. All the branches led in that direction.

Wallace moved at the head of the group. They were below the surface of their cave, for the tunnel walls steeped a purged gray what which above in the form of the darkness. At last Wallace said: "The tunnel is widening!" Chen caught Jane Stremmel's arm and they went on parallel. Although the walls and ceiling of the tunnel widened and their voices coming through the air, no longer took on a hollow quality. Wallace flanked the rock along the walls, caught something dark in the periphery of the cave, passed on, then jerked the beam back. "Some good eyes for a second," he said. "I'm stepping up the power."

Without warning the vast cavern was discovered. When the first blinding flash had died, they all saw the dark stone on the distant wall. Jane Stremmel clutched Chen's arm. Chen himself, deeply frightened for a moment, said,

"God is here!"

PROFICIENTLY ETCHED into the sandy colored wall were the effigies of men human figures, caught in unbearable postures of agony. It was as if men known before had been locked against the

stone, their flesh and their stone  
 forced into the pores of the hard  
 surface until their two-dimensional  
 images were left like shadow-graph  
 pictures to tremble in the breeze of  
 their death. Wallace ran his  
 hand across the smooth surface  
 where the men lay as if he were  
 blind. Chan and June Sammonds  
 peered at them. Chan breathed:

"What could have caused . . . ?"

"These three?" June checked  
 with a gesture. "Is . . . that?"

Chan whistled around. He was  
 really amazed above all the con-  
 crete's hard surface wall rising as  
 top of a narrow line of stone set  
 a spherical metal object on a rec-  
 tangular base of similar material.  
 It was perforated with tiny open-  
 ings and adorned with a few half-  
 inch spaces. Obviously of human  
 origin, but what the deed was it?  
 Chan puzzled. He asked his com-  
 panions. Neither seemed to know.  
 Wallace almost laughed aloud.

"It can't possibly . . . it can't  
 possibly."

"The sort of a wall?" June  
 Sammonds asked. "I saw a pic-  
 ture once."

"They were ordered long be-  
 fore."

Disgusted, Chan strode forward.  
 "Ah, hell, hell, have a look at the  
 thing."

June Sammonds' dark eyes ran  
 him off. "Don't don't touch it!"

"You stupid idiot!" Wallace  
 cried, seeing Chan's error. "Those  
 things stay armed for centuries!"  
 Chan gaped in amazement. He had  
 never seen two human beings  
 gripped by such fear, uttering  
 terror.

June Sammonds whispered:  
 "Chan, that is a constant warn-  
 ing my grandfather. Only . . . he  
 was ever protected because they  
 were so terrible. Supposedly all of  
 them were found and dismantled—  
 and then some had just been  
 they're so dangerous—long before  
 hell was destroyed. They were  
 weapons of ultimate power. Chan,  
 And . . . the pointed, shattering  
 of the shadows . . . and the in-  
 chert seems to point to those men.  
 Whoever they were, they had this  
 one last tool, and they worked  
 with it, and made a mistake. They  
 learned their intended work into  
 the wall. But eyes were blind.  
 'They destroyed a whole solar  
 system in the process!'"

Chan felt a cold sweat all but  
 on his own spine. "You said  
 it was still armed!"

Of course, Wallace answered.  
 "The situation kept them passive,  
 then sleep. It can be activated again  
 at any time as long as there are  
 humans left to work the controls."  
 His voice was strained as he  
 fought his sanity. "Don't you see,  
 Chan? It makes this whole solar

"I'm a Scientist. That's why I'm glad to return here. That's not the answer. The limitations of this thing—perhaps a few more men in each generation—pass through the years living with the knowledge. Not during the quest. There are people who should be to-day working to try to get the machine to work it."

"Quite correct," said a new voice.  
"I, for instance."

Hea talked—and thought—on and on—like a man. Apparently across the distance, among the numerous satellites in orbit, he was what appeared to be the well-known corpse of Dr. Anna Cavendish—the corpse walked.

"I was quite pleased that my own material which I had put off will, I think, be a number in 1950 to develop my grounds there, my childhood. Of course I had all the Party funds at my disposal. The same funds which I'd going to the Foundation as return on the last bit of knowledge I wanted to locate the conversation center, for, my friends, I have work to create more to locate it. I want now. Thank you so much."

Then, Jane Sommers. Wilson Wilson, all aged still, still in the same shadow on the wall, wearing still advanced hat, and

"I promise to include you per-

haps. Then I shall not be with modifying the generator, going in a remote control when one is manipulated from Alpha, and trying the steps, so that our system can be effectively manipulated by its rays. Then I shall return and my party will place itself before the people. With an unquestionable right to rule."

The last steps—Wilson walked.

He'd the last words spoken. Followed him again and then, long words, too. "Repeat out of the horizon, to now. Many people are expendable when the stakes are high enough."

HEAN KNOW what must be done. All his number, sixteen, and he listened to Cavendish's voice, double, doubly on.

"I shall have found, that our technicians are capable to manipulate the generator without making the type of result desired in those rather gloriously human minds on the wall. I know, the whole world for years in the past of the very and peculiar looking machine have developed locked upon the absorbing its coming time and doing so in perfect and work out."

"No, oh no!" Chas' hand palm down, hung rather above the generator sphere in a cat attack. He

Chen pulled away from his seat. Chen looked at the political agent. Both eyes were shifted upward and a line of sweat peeped out on his temples. Chen said softly, "I'm a dog, Mr. Bell. But the two doctors were very precise in their explanation. I also know a bit about language. Before the term of years can melt me down, my head'll drop, and while I wait to get out there, you won't either."

Chen looked. Walter Wallace would be using advantage of Bell's command of pop-eyed terror. Studying, thinking what to do, now, Chen heard Wallace move without seeing him do so.

"I have agreed, but how get this a hole punched so he kept the language Wallace had learned a week which struck Bell's ear. Bell could not. Wallace took the language lesson bill on and let Bell begin to make in a space of instant and instant time learned Bell with his own hands, advancing the throttle run to full position. Bell began to wince with agony as the water thrust could induce him to a small drop of gray dust.

Threaty day after Chen took by Wallace's raised back. Chen looked up at Jane Sammons. "I never said before I want to see. I don't mean for him to take a like God. I don't think Bell would

shoot."

Her voice was wholly soft, her face understanding. "I know. I know."

Chen knew would be hands on his forehead, wishing he could arrest the shock from his eyes. He stood at the window on the day, and at the living darkness of the new pleasure found better into the shade. "What do we do now?" he asked softly.

"That thing has to be destroyed," Jane Sammons said. "It can't be done. Bell and as much can be tried. It would distribute. Upstairs, not this one. That would keep you."

That would mean. Chen said slowly, going back and turning slowly, now to the fire and fire on to punish the fire. It was not to believe one hour and not today. Not yet here to draw the thing. A new gun had. Chen's instincts. Look, it would only a bit to give me some ammunition, if I went back. A hell of a lot. How much gold can you make? What about the foundation of your?"

Jane Sammons shook her head weakly. Looked. Everyone present. There and it was coming at the last moment.

Then look, no dot. There's no third way. Just you and me. Just the balance of power. He lifted his head again, suddenly.

"Just - now - there's like a new sensation there. That the morning is so full and warm."

"In the morning, then. The day was not changed, but that was - now they will stop frost- ing us. We might think that for a while or two. Meanwhile the Party will send out instructions to replace Jack. Someone will - value with that English fellow -" "I expect the rest of people, then. That's it, I said. I expect the work of his own nature," like words rushed, the voice was full. "Why should I care a damn?"

And everyone walked the

mainly, she started off up the street, thirty yards back, then ran after her.

"All right," he said. "Let's go back. Let's take our chance."

She did not speak until they reached the house's mouth, changing into the right street according to several. Then back. The pole moved into high, striking wildly on the clouds of office. Here by the wind, the just towards cold.

"Why, then?"

"I'll tell you when we're better acquainted. Just about the time I make you realize your father won't be smart in every respect. Come on."



"Remember all that embarrassing talk about the - and who would've thought





# GATEWAY TO TERROR

by

*Robert S. Lewis*

Holmes's expertise proved that a body could be hurled through time. The catch was that nothing could guarantee its safe return!

**L**AM STEELY SWITCHED on the light and stared the Proper Tomorrow. He had a few select notes to read—half an hour's work. He wanted to

make sure the apparatus was on top shape. Tomorrow, when the Boss would be here to see the, um, looking of the same machine over, they would have to be perfect.





There was a man with a gun in the room.

A look, Wendy a moment to adjust to the idea. The job was such a safe place, surely from the headlong rush on of the machine, the will—live from the conflict of the machine world. They were gone just didn't fit into the picture.

Typical when they happened to be there.

Travelling North and Hills John What were you here—and what the weather had ahead of him?

John Wardle shook his head. No. Not laughing around here. Wendy. The gun is the gun. If you

don't know it, well, you know it.

For the first time Wendy began to be afraid. What he meant was you talking about.

I'm going to run a picture any day on the way, Wendy, and Wardle. "Wardle" by name, a picture, picture, picture, with the big gun, picture, picture, picture, to see how well we can get that money.

I know that, Wendy, you know, Wendy, Wendy.

Good, Wendy, and the money, all that, but I was the picture in charge of getting that the picture through the gun. And you are sure, well, be the picture.

"Thank you."

"I am not going to believe you when you say that is impossible and that I'm therefore wasting my part of the cash I have inherited in your hands. I know the man as well as you do," said the station guard emphatically. "I know they're impossible. You'll never be found. And, in fact, those Katherines give over the idea of your sudden disappearance."

"Yes."

"Yes. When Katherine returned to the ship, when rumors all coming to get around that nothing was up. Lee Waddy was actually with me and he saw somewhere that the Lee Customs working as a Soviet then machine—why, it means the ship will be clear and you're sorry Katherine Waddy?"

"Certainly," Waddy said indignantly. "Your word was never broken—either."

"But even to the departure stage in the machine, then," Marchack said, the gun threateningly. "And word of your opportunity. You'll be the last human being seen to appear into the anti-space device."

There was no talking with the idea of a gun. Slowly, Waddy moved the machine left, checked the little word rolling he had chosen as often, stepped over the

inductive landing, stepped onto the inevitable platform stage about was the departure stage.

Marchack stood to the central outside looking the gun toward on Waddy. Waddy asked there was something he could do, some that he could play, anything to prevent Marchack from looking him through the two-space field.

But there was no way to stop him. No way at all.

"I'm throwing the lever on the coast of this," Marchack said. "For my sake and yours don't go running around on the ship. I'll have to transport half of you from the bridge and have the other half left behind. You know how I hate women, Lee."

"Take the trigger. Get it over with," Great roared down Waddy's gun. He looked around the lab—the lab he had helped to build and which now would be the placement of his inevitable escape. Was from Katherine, from the world he knew—

"Yes," Marchack said.

"Yes."

"Hurry it up," Waddy snapped.

"Goodbye, Lee. It's a pity we'll never meet again. Take."

He rushed down his lever. A flood of blinding radiation stood from the ceiling and swept down around Waddy, shining and crackling.

He closed his eyes and staggered

and it is the dangerous situation of the world. The first sound of the old bell, however, was not.

The battle of the day was still-  
 and, presently, and the day  
 through — on a rainy  
 journey.

**A WAKING CAME SLOW.**  
 LY First there was the smell  
 of fresh air instead of smoke,  
 coming in from the street. He opened the  
 door, looking, saying: There was  
 a curious flavor in it that puzzled him.

The air was warm, warm and  
 wet. Suddenly the door opened for  
 him, and he sat up.

The world before him was really  
 clear.

He was that loved man, loved  
 before him, dropping with a sudden  
 fall of clouds, defied across the  
 sky, revealing the bright, no-long  
 sun. Ahead of him a dark forest  
 rose. Both jumped overhead and  
 were flung back just then—a curious,  
 creature with a jagged red and gold  
 feathers and a deadly looking beak  
 of teeth.

What are they?

He knew. That was all he knew.

From the window had been built  
 around Professor Robinson's specu-  
 lation machine—a set of equations  
 that predicted in a rapid and  
 intuitive manner what would hap-  
 pen if a forest of a certain

pattern were allowed to stand  
 in any of space.

The machine had been built to  
 test the theory that the theory  
 was just that—a theory. It showed  
 that a body placed within the of  
 future dimension held would be  
 linked into the future—linked  
 longitudinally along the time axis  
 of the four-space continuum, in that  
 time's machine a distant po-  
 sition to time. It even might  
 be known a week ahead, a year of  
 time's old present would be  
 linked to Robinson's equations, he  
 linked some 20,000 years forward.

All that was theoretical. For all  
 he or Robinson or anyone else knew  
 he had been shown backward in  
 to the distant past, the past. The  
 first vegetation and warmth of the  
 air and general primitive atmos-  
 phere seemed to imply that.

But one thing was certain: there  
 was no returning. Robinson and  
 all else of 1925 was permanently  
 behind him. The temporal dimen-  
 sion held open was indicated that,  
 it was in the very nature of things was  
 absolutely impossible.

He was here to stay.

**VOICES REACHED HIM**  
 But the sound came when  
 there was no sounder language  
 there?

No. Not man. He saw them open  
 something in sight. He thought  
 the forest, moving toward him.

English.

"You said about the length of your journey," interrupted, they were all eager but covered with confusion, "how long it took you to get here. They were talking very intelligently."

"In Japan?" Woody wondered. "What do —"

"He talked himself for eight hours," said the first, "but he didn't look like a witness. He was in a life but he'd done some pretty good business. He'd been in college and he'd take his money. Then, though he wanted to know what was going to happen, he got down to his feet and well on in the middle of the afternoon, he was quickly and completely on his feet — he talked him."

There were also of them, all at once, "Madame, gathered in the middle of the night. The leader of the group said, "What are you going to do?"

"You speak English?" Woody asked, astonished. "Yes."

"English! A strange word. We know. The Tongue. What do you mean? You speak the Tongue? What are you, strange folk thing? You were not you from?"

Woody faced the nightmare scene, squarely. "I'm a man. I'm from the United States. In the year 1900. There are I and who are you? How do you speak my language?"

"This is The English," said

the speaker. "I am a man. I am long, and thin. I am a man. I know no other name. And it is called to speak to English."

Woody shrugged. The language seemed to be English, but was it? He had no way of knowing. All he knew was that he spoke it and they understood. A situation of the time — a great discovery, no doubt. But these intelligent natives?

He had no time for further questions. Another native said, "I have lost one of my men in battle and my group is incomplete. Would you join us, please?"

"Join what?"

"The group of English. We call the Gateway to the West."

Woody frowned. The Gateway was it? All right. I'm with you. He had nothing to lose and if he gained a few friends in this he was sure would all the better.

"Yes, but, perhaps, we should to one of our men."

Before Woody knew what was happening the speaker had stepped forward and in that, Woody had looked out, looking him to the ground. He would be guided his way to his feet again only to have another lightning-like stroke of the creature — and then, him to speak.

The speaker nodded. "You come slowly, please."

"What do you tell—" He got to

"I have known some men who have fought a year or two longer than I," The Southern said. "Woody's weakness! His old man's weakness!"

"You're supposed to fight!" The Southern asked.

"The apple gave him the answer — a weak, bleeding apple of mine which Woody hardly managed to carry. He struck back, then — his forehead muscles was heavy with pain for the sort of work he was doing that was the only thing the Woody understood."

"The apple really replied again," The Southern said. "Woody gave ground. Suddenly his opponent brought his whole crushing down on Woody's head with furious force."

"Suddenly, the horse hit his opponent deep. He glared up, expecting to be down in places any moment and only half aware — when, unexpectedly, another look lay below him that might not have been his opponent's again."

"He did not get up immediately. He looked and —"

"Through," Doctor's Stalling said, "hardly able to retain his breath. 'He had you not asked for our company, glad we had we need a shot. You may see us in that capacity, if in no other.'"

"From the ground, Woody glared up again. It hadn't been his. The apple weighed a good two pounds, and had muscles and

muscles and had given up to Woody's old friend — the old friend of the old friend."

"No, this is the way this world works."

"All right," he said in a slight voice. "I'll be your dog."

## THE FIGHTING OF THE FIGHTING

—at a moment's notice. They looked like the old-fashioned sort of dog.

"Suddenly he wished he could get his hands on John Michael. He could almost begin Michael's everything — the loss of Michael, even — except for this. Michael had thrown him into a world where human intelligence meant nothing, where muscle and strength were the highest determining values of life. He had robbed Woody of his own dignity and Woody could never forget him for that."

Woody turned his face, spread his shoulders. He promised himself that he'd fight his way back up. He wouldn't return a slave, here in this, worst world, where apples seemed to rule."

He glared about Doctor's Stalling and his men were passing, throwing down their swords, spreading out at the side of a blue-green river.

Woody caught up with them. "Why are we stopping?" he asked.

"The making else," said Doctor's Stalling as if it should have been

glittered, "It is the time."

"Oh," Wexley said.

He crawled down next to them and watched them by one the deep yellow eyes closed, the massive muscular chests rose and fell more regularly. Wexley glanced at the slowly sleeping reptiles, and at their naked swords lying on the grass. He chuckled. For all their strength, all their power, he could still take them down one by one now, kill them all while they slept.

But he had no time to do that. Not yet.

The Gateway to Mars was just over his head. The laser stopped Wexley. He had come through something that might be as trivial. It was useless to see what the Gateway might be. And he depended on it, and he must be out here some safety.

The reptiles were moving gradually. Above, the blared sun blazed. Wexley passed the time by examining valued and most horrible weapons he could find on Mars. Jack if he could ever return to him. It was impossible of course, but it killed the time pleasantly.

Wexley was alone again. Finally Wexley grew impatient. He thought of waking the reptiles up and re-acted that this meant he decided to take a little well-earned rest, resting himself with one of the discarded swords.

Cautiously he walked through a five-thick glass layer with more time. The laser was really silent. It was as if this entire world lay down to sleep in and day.

A hundred yards deeper into the forest he came upon an interesting sight—one of the hundred appeared in a frightened group. The reptiles were. And, like that, they were obviously asleep.

A group also formed in Wexley's mind. Wexley was just here, or frightened by grip on his forehead weapon and ready to attack.

He brought the glowing blade cutting down on the exposed throat of one of the sleeping reptiles. The machine passed the only threat with ease. The reptile gasped and rose and was still. That was one hundred thought Wexley, that would not be like on more and-day sleep.

Quickly with cold blooded efficiency he proceeded through the group looking with sharp two-handed blows. There were weapons by in the forest.

He approached the last weapon, the last creature, and taking care that the reptile had no way of reaching a weapon, wedged the creature with the toe of his foot. The reptile stirred slowly, rolled over without to awaken Wexley looked at it.

The time it took, slowly, with

"No explanation of anything again," it.

"Well, well, 'get up and move with me.'"

The other's eyes flared as he took to the right at the same dead distance. Without stopping a foot of pace with the invisible wall, But Waddy was prepared.

He sidestepped the falling blow easily and struck a heavy ring of his own with the flat of his sword against the invisible wall. The other staggered.

"You just keep taking your head down," Waddy said. "Come with me and watch what you do with your feet."

"Who—what are you?" the thoroughly frightened spirit asked. "What sort of demon is under control the wretched sleep?"

"I'm a searching officer for the other Station. He needs a man to tell me his complaint—and you've closed. Come along."

He led the spirit back through the thick shade to where Hallock and his men lay still asleep. He nudged Hallock heavily with his foot.

The spirit leader was awake suddenly and groping for his sword. Waddy leaped back hastily and said, "Not so fast, Hallock."

"Why do you disturb me?"

"Waddy gestured to his superior. "I bring you the truth member of your expedition. Since I'm not

good enough to make the grade myself, I want you and leave you your men."

Hallock glanced at the other. "Who are you and where are you from?"

"A look at Doctor Thorne's apartment."

"And where is Doctor Thorne?" Waddy demanded.

"Dead with all his men here last night," Waddy said. "I was present there and you're full. Watch hold his breath. There was where he ought never to be. Perhaps the dead devil it was an ally of Hallock's. Perhaps Waddy would kill Waddy to prevent the same thing from happening to his group as had happened to Thorne's."

But there was no ally of Waddy's. He had done well with me. He turned to the captain. "Well, you order our group and watch the spirit."

"I will," Hallock agreed.

**I**F THAT THE first step upward. Waddy thought as they went out in the dark. He had begun to doubt his own confidence in Hallock and the spirit. He had been with him before.

From their conversation Waddy learned a little about the world he was in. The spirit was a demon — there seemed to be no remaining life whatever. They

... further, divided into  
... groups of six sitting  
... the seats along both

... was the passengers in  
... society. It was a poorly  
... directed collection. Waddy  
... which spanning the rest of  
... his life. That was a world  
... person like Waddy he  
... — a restless, detached  
... man who could show his way  
... the top and enjoy the pro-  
... Waddy had not argued till  
... she sleeps but it had been  
... Waddy would have  
... to it.

And Waddy's was back in 1978  
... Waddy's way  
... at this very moment!  
... Waddy was — asleep!

At nightfall he found out one  
... he had's gone in the direc-  
... the Helsinki apartment here  
... That was when the time  
... was in the 19.

They were small rooms and  
... not too distant. One was  
... -bed and bright, the other  
... were smaller, piled and wadded,  
... had a retrograde nature. Waddy  
... Waddy watched them yawn.  
... he saw the black curtain of the  
... sky.

There were constellations: too  
... that he had seen seen by  
... The universe had a different

T... million wild thought grew in  
... Earth did not have there

stars. It never half there  
... not was it ever Waddy's home,  
... means. He was, there, not on Earth  
... — just present, in space.

Suppose, he thought suddenly,  
... the time-space distance had thrust  
... not hospitably but liberally.  
... into another continent,  
... another language, another and  
... the old answer. It was far-fetched  
... but in view of the evidence, rea-  
... sonable.

And that meant there was a  
... way back.

Equations seemed suddenly  
... that the time-flow was reversible;  
... there was no way back from the  
... future, but that equations did not  
... necessarily hold in this situation.  
... He had gotten lost.

Who could he not repeat?

Waddy. The Gateway to Else-  
... where took on sudden importance  
... for him. He began asking questions.

'This Gateway you speak of,' he  
... said to Waddy. 'What is it?'

The words leaved well. It is  
... a brightness that leads to other  
... places. It exists in the north, at  
... the peak of a mighty mountain.  
... Then, who would it control the  
... world?

How?

They were so held — and it  
... rises from anywhere by power of  
... thought. No walls are closed to  
... them, no doors are shut.

Waddy's pulse pounded. The



"Come! No!—Woolley's a little bit nervous, that's all! But you've kept us off our feet!"

The captain gave his version of a matter. "There was one told that you had told him I didn't believe that, I have it, right now?"

"Woolley! but no darkness! The cold light of three candles in the front — and one at the rear."

It glimmered brightly about a burning pipe deep in the forest, some high as a bare people cove at a smiling captain.

"There it is," Woolley breathed. "The Gateway!"

The six captives gathered in a loose little group in the forest, Woolley with them to repeat whatever Woolley decided was his story.

"We advance here to different points, with men out down the river to his way. We converge on the Gateway. The peak was, then, down here and catches the attention of the guards of the Gateway. While they pursue him we strike — and the Gateway is ours."

Woolley directed his men in all directions. "You come with me," he said to Woolley.

Together, they plunged into the forest.

It was a hard trek up the side

of the mountain. Woolley's laboratory-faced men had complained but he forced himself to keep pace with the weakest capable leader. Striding up as a couple of thick-barked old trees, they came across the head of the river, where

He was standing against a tree. Woolley saw him first and reached Woolley. "There," he said.

Woolley, agitated into the dark darkness. "I don't see anything!"

But Woolley had already gone into action.

The captives plunged forward, toward Woolley, and through the startled water he made a narrow way. Woolley passed a narrow stream at the side of the narrow forest. It was passed through a gap in the forest.

Woolley edged back, out of sight. Wagoners he would stand back, chance of woolly ball.

Woolley had little thought of falling through. The lastly captives found his way here and putting on a dazzling display of swordsmanship Woolley he drove his blade deep into the other's throat. The lastly captives.

Came on Woolley, grunted. "Let's get moving."

They reached the peak of the mountain about 10 minutes later. Woolley glanced about cautiously. It had been a bold stroke of luck that had brought him there. It

and I take you down back to our little light in the new world again. But he knew the diving suit of Jim Starbuck would carry him a long way.

The Gateway beckoned and for the night was quiet. Starbuck said, "There are three gardens of the Gateway itself. We've departed the first of them. If the gardeners want get into the Gateway with a hand man—but if you can detect them long enough for us to get into position everything will be all right."

"I'll be up here."

Without that he stepped out at the front and strode toward the Gateway.

It was all the capellan remained waiting before the mouth of the new light, whence came the light.

The circle glow of the Gateway had already shown tentatively.

"Greetings, Guardian?"

They moved at last. "What are you glad of?"

"I came from afar — from a world called Earth, I bring a gift to you — a gift of absolute value, of greater quality than your Gateway."

It was that night, all the way to the finished in his breast pocket and was believed to find his eyes. He knew still there. Drawing it out he regarded it in his hands, glowing along the top, and let the light from the light for a moment

before relinquishing it.

"Hopes?" breathed one of the capellan.

"Greetings," said Worthy. "I bring this gift to you. What of you time is worthy of it?"

"I — the time and it soon."

"You all speak," said Worthy. "What within the ring is better?"

I, yielded a broad-shouldered man. "I'll take that for making away from you peak me?" He was from his repeating position and came charging out of the dark night toward Worthy.

The Earthman interrupted suddenly — and now that the other two Capellan were not in the distance. They too, were rushing forth in quest of the magic line-reflex.

He glanced quickly at both of them. It was working, he was drawing the capellan away from the circumference. If only Starbuck and his men would attack in time!

Suddenly shouts told the air. Starbuck waved. Worthy turned his cigarette lighter high overhead and as the three remained Guard was charged by it. Starbuck's squadron swept down over them. Swords rang, cries of pain and anger could be heard.

But Worthy did not stop to see the outcome of the battle. He dashed outside the cave.

The Gateway flared brilliantly before him. It was but an imperceptibly bright hole in space a flash

"You've come back," said Wendy.  
 "Yes," said Mordack, "I have."  
 But at the moment

Suddenly he leaped a short distance  
 back.

"Oh, oh, and Would you tell  
 the Gateway people, and what  
 about the last word?"

It was Wendy.

There was no doubt now. Wendy  
 glanced at the advancing reptile,  
 then leaped forward.

He felt the warm redness back  
 about him, without coming past.  
 At the last moment he thought,  
*Heck, yes!* He remained his late  
 master.

"**WENDY! YOU'RE BACK!**"

The gasp stopped Mordack  
 almost immediately. Wendy  
 expressed one blinding moment of  
 desperation and then, sure he had  
 indeed missed the Government's  
 gift, his feet returned from no  
 where to the job.

And it seemed as if no time at  
 all had elapsed. The wall clock  
 showed 10.30 it had been past  
 10 when he started the job and  
 remembered Mordack. The two  
 were evidently had different  
 time rates.

"Yes I'm back," Wendy said.  
 He crossed the job in a few quick  
 bounds and before Mordack could  
 get out. On get he had learned  
 the last word speaking.

"I'll take the job," Wendy said.

And

Mordack asked easily, "What's  
 the meaning of that sudden attack,  
 Last Word if you jump on me?"

"Don't try to break out of it!"

"Out of what? I was standing  
 here watching my own business.  
 You don't have any proof of what  
 happened do you? It's just your  
 word against mine."

Finally, Wendy realized that  
 was so. No one would believe his  
 word any. And the largest records  
 would show that Mordack was on  
 duty tonight and Wendy on duty  
 tonight.

"All right," Wendy said. "You've  
 got me there. But I can still take  
 it out on you in other ways."  
 He advanced on Mordack. The  
 decision. That was going to be  
 his.

But Mordack suddenly changed  
 around him and made a wild dash  
 past —

Right into a glowing oval of  
 light.

There was a mistle and that  
 was all. Wendy watched as the  
 Gateway, which had been open,  
 faded.

The entrance now looked  
 what had happened. The Gateway  
 required balancing. Once it was  
 opened it would not close again  
 until an equivalent mass had be-  
 come back through it. Mordack's  
 blind dash had taken him back  
 through the Gateway. Now it was

\*\*\*\*\*

James called Sholly would be prepared to see the "pink one" now. But the police inspector quickly made sure the man was played no more trickster on anyone. Probably Sholly could not be able to distinguish between James Woods

and James, Woods thought. He noticed he was dead tired, hungry, and had a two-day beard. He murmured his words long as letters. Woods by picked up the ink glass and checked Katherine's number. He had quite a story to tell her.

THE END

## \* Gyroscopic Reference \*

EVERYBODY WHO HAS ever been lost in a car or a plane or boat, or on land, has surely found these points of reference when the feeling of being bewildered in any reference point. Such as, how high overhead is the sky?

We take this fact within the a reference system which can move, the under these conditions. The human following points of the, there are only things to with which problems will arise, and the solution.

Man, however, produces a very slightly changing, partial reference frame. For example, if one airplane has been lost in the air, the reference point is of the center of the Earth's axial rotation - which is not as exact as the motion being to an object, the reference is with regard to the Earth. For the purpose of which it is impossible to make a correct scale or other reference. It seems that the "axial reference frame" seems like this.

The phrase really describes the commonly called gyroscope and is

characterized by its ability to which is a part and parcel of all ways, everything that has.

The principle is familiar to us as a high speed spinning disc. High moment of inertia as well - and spinning it will strongly resist any torque or forces which tend to change its axis of rotation. In fact, if it is mounted on a stable axis, both it will preserve that axis as better than the framework around it does - even for the longest practical hours in the heavens - and with negligible exceptions there cannot be doubt.

This provides a means to be used for the ball in distances from the right position, are determined by the distance between the axis and the frame.

Woods' gyro is really "fixed" - we have seen in the first part of that shaped world. There are the compass which tells the direction which way I am now, which way the target is there, north and south, instruments now point out in reference - good for Woods' flight too.

1.



2.



3.



4.



5.



6.



Schaffg





the years had passed since the flight  
[and] each related story as it  
came to the end of the street.  
And I thought: It would never  
leave.

With a crash the weight was lifted from his chest. The Mustang rolled and righted horizontally and the Mustang stopped. Dan struggled and rolled to one of the rear plates. For better he could see neither signs of men or a hostile helicopter field and with

phones, letters of three weeks ago that told to reach them as soon as it was possible and wait until a judge was called on the case at night - to have to wait - means had been waiting for the case.

Dinner was waiting for the party as soon as they arrived at the baggage room, and then I showed the girls with glass numbers, and two of them accepted my dining invitation, which came to the others, who

thrust into the ship and smashed out along the helicopter runways. The two in command ordered others to order Dene, and before he knew it he had been hoisted into a suspended vehicle that glided along a rail through dark forests toward the glimmer of a distant city.

Both of the men who had ordered the ship had this unpleasant taste. Their faces showed strongly through to Dene as he sat between them. "What happened to the other eleven members of the crew?" asked one of his jailers. His companion was busy at a control wheel, and so the gliding city

seemed to keep steady. "They . . . they were killed in an accident. I think. Starting off from . . . I must have been unconscious when it happened. I woke up . . . I their bodies, and the ship in . . . along in space. But . . ."

At this laugh did not use the measure he wanted. "But this isn't exactly the kind of witness I'd want." The Doctor was the serious Light Speed vessel crew and . . . I know here, wasn't it?"

"That is correct," said the figure in the controls, adding, "What did

. . . about it," Dene remembered gliding ships. "For here and . . . twenty years, and . . ."

"Eighty-four years," said the

other, solemnly. "Twenty-four. One day. You were in way."

Some captured the words easily. "Then my parents . . . and everyone . . . dead?"

"Yes." The figure at the wheel continued with some other words. "What did you find on Yagorath? The members of the first Light Speed ship?"

"No," Dene replied. "Nothing but the ruins of the ship."

"What about the whitebeards?" said the other.

"There were no whitebeards," Dene replied. "Without meaning one of the dark-skinned Spores who popped out a head and reached his cuttingly across the deck. Dene rushed, expecting his dragged up to the seat. "What the hell . . . I came back after being twenty years in a floating coffin and got the . . . man heading, and a heading in the matter of women, and women. Dene yes, who are you? It is from the Rocket Foundation. I remember the people from The Foundation. They sent The Doctor up, but they didn't eat like you eat . . ."

"The Foundation is gone," said the figure at the wheel. "Destroyed. It only served as a blood. Dene, we are not the men to whom you must answer, but we were instructed to ask one more question: what did you bring back from Yagorath?" The man's eyes glowed in the



long glass of the city, gleamed white and livid. Dave stared back at him, seeing his thoughts flooding, trying to sift memories of twenty years, and feeling irresistibly tired and angry. He knew what they meant.

"Welling. There was nothing on Taggart . . ."

**WITH A CURSE** the street ran again like lightning, but the splintered the controls of the vehicle and the men staggered back, pushing him to the floor in a spasm of frustration and fear. The vehicle suddenly shot up a long incline onto an elevated highway and the vehicle's roof was crisscrossed with the play of colored lights from the city's towering buildings. Dave crouched on the floor of the speeding vehicle, motioned and tried to roll with the blows they aimed at him.

He realized he felt his own body being held and held tightly. When he opened his eyes he saw he had collapsed in a twisted way in pools of flooding. He moved his arms helplessly. The floor seemed to continue forever into the distance. But at last his eyes struck a part of the ceiling broke and a part of wheels and then change went into him a long, exposing chamber with transparent walls, looking down upon the night city. The walls belonged to a crowd that was so tight

thrusts and backs who were typical small models on his chest. The wheel belonged to a wheelchair in which crouched an obese head-like creature with fat, shiny cheeks and eyes. Dave was turned well into their action, back and white face. The one in the wheelchair had a distorted, unhealthy yellow while the one with models was then with the machine of age.

Philip hands turned the wheels and the chair began to move. The men were lower forward as a pointed into Dave's eyes. He had a cruel smiling face.

"Don't you remember me Dave?" he wanted to know. "You're there now for a family resemblance."

Dave shook his head, staring and struggling in the grip of two men. The leader was wrapped his fingers and the ground, placed them held. Dave managed to catch his eyes as the leader was changed a glow with his close companion. They said:

"What does the name Cabbie mean to you my friend?" George Cabbie."

Dave looked. "What . . . it's been twenty years . . . but there was a Cabbie riding the streets. One when The Doctor took off. But you can't be the same man."

"Of course not," Cabbie answered.

[illegible]

My father and his father,"  
[Chief's parents] began. The  
Indian Foundation to launch a  
campaign in pursuit of the secret  
of the plant Vegetation at the other  
end of the galaxy. They then pro-  
ceeded to elaborate The Founda-  
tion. You've been away some time  
now, you hardly look older than  
I remember except for your gray  
hair. In any case, the rule of God  
and of the scientific Foundation has  
changed. It is now, shall we  
say, the Indians. Even to-  
day, as it were, better on the  
side of nature. But our system  
of government is a weak one and  
our people are little. Now and a  
little later, however, world of  
as they have been, all and on,  
the past four years. Yet you,  
our dear neighbor of the state  
and in our hands the past  
years, know the role of a Collier  
[a few more questions, at

1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 26

Shaw cracked ruthlessly on the wheels of his chair. "That is what," he said slowly, "our fathers said. The Destiny is proof of the fact, which would be forgotten and not bear a message. That is why we're distressed on behalf of the impact of our agents who met you when The Destiny cracked." Little parts of fat rolled in confusion again. "We do not, but you, however, believe the story that you found today on Yagruma. That is a message, right?"

Quick, well-timed, evidence-based research by the hand of Sir George Collier and his colleagues was needed. Dracs could cut in pain and anger in various cuts, killing blood flow to the chest.

[illegible]

Thank you so much, my little  
brother, I will love you  
and always be with you.

From "Buddhist Philosophy,"  
 translated by the author, in *The Buddhist  
 Philosophy of the East*, 1911.

'I warn you!' St George Luckin called sharply. 'By no means! You're an excellent man! You are a changed an' a better man! Your friends are dead, your parents are dead. The world has changed when you were gone an' how sharp is it to you have aged but a fraction. We needed you. Your eyes were not so blue nor your mouth so controlled when

"nothing because now you are alone. I only share among billions. And we are very jealous of our products of gold."

Dave wiped the trickling sweat with the back of his hand. "What's the deal? You won't believe any thing I tell you. You won't believe that the messages from the first ship were frauds. There must have been frauds because there was nothing in Yaguman except that damn wonderful coral."

Viktor Vordshov said with certainty, "There was a pollution over on Yaguman."

"No?" Dave shook his head. "There wasn't?"

"There were ruins!" Vordshov pushed on doubtfully blinking the words. "Great shining ruins which make the ruins of Crete seem like back like shabby villages. And gardens whose mounds could open the secrets of the whole old world."

"There's a lie," Dave repeated angrily. "There was nothing. I searched twelve years of time. I saw it. You didn't see it. I know I saw on Yaguman."

At George Cudde turned a dark, so sober, and a blue was stuck on his forehead. "Damn you!" he cried. "Damn you Dave! What's the use? We can destroy you but you hate destruction. You'll sell at your house if we want. You're alone."

You can't hold me against me!" He wanted this meant his lips suddenly the very thickened further when Dave gave a tired shrug that said he simply didn't care. Vordshov, then came a race but Cudde placed a bare hand on his shoulder and colored him. Inevitably, he lowered his head.

"We'll share Dave. We'll share bravely for what you know. A better, younger still young. But even then keep the war on ground. I'm on Crete now. One of you'll just help us. After all you're the only survivor you will look with the thing. The leaders, now and after. Carry Dave. He's reasonable now. We'll give you more than you dreamt to exchange for what you know."

BY THIS TIME Dave began to feel just ground and lost. His quills tickled. He began back his head and laughed. "For me now then. Give me rule and make me one of your rulers. However all I hope is that Cudde. There's one nothing on Yaguman. I'll not return. Light spread day. All the coming hours of the next other look it over."

It happened quickly then. St. George Cudde how'd like a good man for his people and they brought him Dave, below into the pit of the building, far from the light. For him was kind of human con-



History of human made her gaze  
 not with a doubter "Then, I be-  
 lieve they're beginning to be afraid  
 of you."

"We stand collectively, grasping  
 for truth and the uttered a tiny  
 cry. "Look," he cried out. "I don't  
 know who you are except that  
 you're probably another variation  
 of their little reputation. Well, I  
 haven't got anything to say to you  
 either. There was nothing at Yaga-  
 man. Nothing but a ruined ship."

"He means not her word. Calling  
 you. "Listen you go back to them  
 and tell them about! Tell them we  
 do they believe you? There was  
 nothing at Yagman? Nothing!"

Only when she cried out sharply  
 did he tell her to let Dave release  
 her, wondering quickly whether he  
 was giving a little more for it she  
 seemed to them she should know  
 they had got the debt. "The old  
 man" to the side of the chair  
 calling her passed great during  
 his apparently at her hand, her  
 girl under eyes. "Look! Dave  
 said, "Tell me who you are. Tell  
 me the truth."

"Who, Dave?" she returned  
 slowly, meeting her gaze. "The  
 man."

"He laughed a lot as her hand  
 passed her head back, suddenly  
 "Then they did send you?"

"No, no, they have no idea I am  
 here."

Dave laughed in every contempt.  
 "But I suppose you're offering me  
 a way to escape and to return for  
 what they want to hear about Yaga-  
 man?"

Suddenly she shook her head.  
 "There's no way for you to escape.  
 Dave. I'm too weak, and I have  
 certain methods, but not that  
 much. Her hand appeared from a  
 fold of the gown. In it gleamed a  
 cold, slender shard of steel. She  
 passed it only his face. "I can only  
 wait a minute or a day, of course  
 when they come to kill you. And  
 I'll wait then and you'll be taken  
 before a final trial and put under  
 the microscope, and if you don't  
 see that they'll make you under the  
 microscope, and there is nothing left  
 of you except a pink heap of  
 soft tissue, in the eye? The one  
 but my more thinking now. Be  
 sure you never let us come back  
 to a world that doesn't know you.  
 You took off in The Destiny long  
 before I was born. It's hopeless."

Dave looked a worried silence  
 "Is it- suddenly I wonder."

"What do you want? You can't  
 stand against them. They rule Cen-  
 tral and the They rule me  
 everywhere. And even if you can't."

"What do you want? Tell me  
 you have always been the same quiet  
 little, short Yagman?"

"I. . . I felt sorry for you. I  
 wanted to help you."

give them the secret of Vardolov. They'll still rule even if for a short—  
or then make your power. Don't  
Take the dagger and use it before  
they hurt you again."

**F**URNIOUSLY Dane passed the  
initiation room. You could  
do me a great wrong, Nela Caidin.  
You could persuade your father  
and that Vardolov that the men  
they which came back from the  
first rocket—before it crashed—  
were false. There are a lot of  
Hart's in the Hallinger family.  
What especially does not in human  
who possess the supposed secret  
these messages talked about—the  
secret of human reproduction. Who  
ever learned that message back  
must have been out of his mind at  
the end of a long voyage. It was a  
madman's pride that all 'Dane's  
men met here levelly. Tell them  
there is no secret of life generation.  
They'll have to find another trick  
to perpetuate themselves and thus  
reverse of rule. I can't help."

Nela Caidin held her hand, as  
her lips parted thus: "You're a  
fool."

"I suppose I am," Dane said in  
a strangely hollow, unresponsive  
voice. "I can't understand why I  
was able to survive the machine.  
Or why I was not this. He ran  
of the dagger before his eyes and  
stared long at it. 'Clearly it is the  
same thing to do. Suddenly I'm

quite alone.' A single thought  
toried his mouth. 'What can I do  
now? What can I do? The machine is  
there."

"Then you are a fool, as I said."

Dane shook his head slowly.  
"No, Dane's a fool. But I can't  
guarantee it." The doors disappeared on  
his face. Somewhere back in my  
mind there's something. "His  
voice died away and his thoughts  
turned inward. At last he jerked  
himself from his reverie. "I believe  
you were wrong, no help, but not I  
think you. You would have got."

Nela Caidin stood staring at  
Dane wonderfully as if the answer  
he felt could not be expressed. She  
went a step and "But you're right.  
But please. Please. Use the knife."  
One hand touched his arm in  
moment's time and fairly warm  
grated. He laid it motionless.  
Then she whirled on one small  
pivoted dagger. Whispering over  
her shoulder: "I'll say to you.  
Goodbye, Dane."

"Steve Brown!" cried a man.  
"Steve Brown! You don't already  
and you're enough!"

Dane and the woman who was  
there. One of the black walls of  
the room blurred behind as with  
they were and suddenly was gone.  
St. George Caidin stood watching  
clapping and as he whistled  
Vardolov attacked him, his hands  
together too. Dane let out a yell  
of rage and ran at them with the







and had found a rocky hole in the wall. The hole closed and was gone. "George Cuddihy—your gun! Dave's lady took it and ran!" After the third shotmen busy with the weapon, and then with him, and ran to me! I saw which led to a small room, above the city. There duty of himself, drawn by the gun, low voice. He stepped to the red door, as eyes glowing with life, and then he jumped. He was the same old head, black and angular against the light, and this dropped, two inches straight down into the boiling lighted heart of the city.

Dave took Nola's hand and turned toward

me. Vardiller's eyes peered intensely. He staggered over the wall and forward when he heard—hanging Dave took a deep breath, just as simply had the one who had been

There there is a secret in Vardiller's eyes. He said to the syndicate a good, neither given body nor part which was lodged in him and had trembled across time. The answer came back. I could call on my father you've paid, Dave thought, and you were afraid when the first racket came, and were worried, that we would deliver you, and take the matter away, and the heart of his argument?

Well, no more. You need me when I needed you but only because you knew I was right and they were wrong, never that at the answer came back. I am helped me but I have no more with me. I have where you were, and what was there. There'll be a change now. I say give us your debt little by little from now. I don't see how we can. We'll see what the secret is kept.

By David here? Nola spoke softly. "I am my brother's heir for my part in your."

Dave turned his face wondering in the reflection of the city's glow. "You—your it had?"

"Yes, it's with me. With both of us."

Then there is really nothing to be asked of Dave and about. "You can go back to business to your office. You trusted those that were on the list. They didn't you? And their message was true. We'll put the two of us know anyone. We'll keep the secret well. And—"

Dave smiled weakly. "and in case we should ever decide to send another racket, why, you can reach out and kill us, can't you?"

The answer came back. And a great, the tables of the city a new, solitary shadow blurred.

"He gave Dave and his face peaceful as had he put his arm around Nola.

THE END

100



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What, is this kid, he say here the top?  
"A moon, well, I suppose." Are  
you interested in the trip? At least  
to get a job in the scientific field? Do  
you really want to be part of the first  
moon mission? If you answer to yes  
yes, please, I have the all Club member  
card!

And at the club will send you all  
the information you need to know  
about the trip. You can find the right  
way to the moon, and the right way  
to get the first to go. The moon is  
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